MR. DOOLEY SAYS

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BY THE AUTHOR OF
"MR. DOOLEY IN PEACE AND IN WAR"
"MR. DOOLEY IN THE HEARTS OF
HIS COUNTRYMEN," ETC.

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DIVORCE

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see they've been holdin' a Divoorce Congress."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye wudden't know," said Mr. Dooley. "Divoorce is th' on'y luxury supplied be th' law that we don't injye in Ar-rchey Road. Up here whin a marrid couple get to th' pint where 'tis impossible f'r thim to go on livin' together they go on livin' together. They feel that way some mornin' in ivry month, but th' next day finds thim still glarin' at each other over th' ham an' eggs. No wife iver laves her husband while he has th' breath iv life in him, an' anny gintleman that took a thrip to Reno in ordher to saw off th' housekeepin' expinses on a rash successor wud find throuble ready f'r him whin he come back to Ar-rchey Road.

"No, sir, whin our people grab hands at th' altar, they're hooked up f'river. There's on'y wan decree iv divoorce that th' neighbors will recognize, an' that's th' wan that entitles ye to ride just behind th' pall bearers. That's why I'm a batch. 'Tis th' fine skylark iv a timprary husband I'd make, bringin' home a new wife ivry Foorth iv July an' dischargin' th' old wan without a charackter. But th' customs iv th' neighbors are agin it.

"But 'tis diff'rent with others, Hinnissy. Down be Mitchigan Avnoo marredge is no more bindin' thin a dhream. A short marrid life an' an onhappy wan is their motto. Off with th' old love an' on with th' new an' off with that. 'Till death us do part,' says th' preacher. 'Or th' jury,' whispers th' blushin' bride.

"Th' Divoorce Congress, Hinnissy, that I'm tellin' ye about was assembled to make th' divoorce laws iv all th' States th' same. It's a tur-rble scandal as it is now. A man shakes his wife in wan State on'y to be grabbed be her an' led home th' minyit he

crosses th' border. There's no safety f'r anny wan. In some places it's almost impossible f'r a man to get rid iv his fam'ly onless he has a good raison. There's no regularity at all about it. In Kentucky baldness is grounds f'r divoorce; in Ohio th' inclemency iv th' weather. In Illinye a woman can be freed fr'm th' gallin' bonds iv mathrimony because her husband wears Congress gaiters; in Wisconsin th' old man can get his maiden name back because his wife tells fortunes in th' taycup.

"In Nebrasky th' shackles ar-re busted because father forgot to wipe his boots; in New York because mother knows a Judge in South Dakota. Ye can be divoorced f'r annything if ye know where to lodge th' complaint. Among th' grounds ar-re snorin', deefness, because wan iv th' parties dhrinks an' th' other doesn't, because wan don't dhrink an' th' other does, because they both dhrink, because th' wife is addicted to sick headaches, because he asked her what she did with that last $10 he give her, because he knows some

wan else, because she injyes th' society iv th' young, because he f'rgot to wind th' clock. A husband can get a divoorce because he has more money thin he had; a wife because he has less. Ye can always get a divoorce f'r what Hogan calls incompatibility iv temper. That's whin husband an' wife ar-re both cross at th' same time. Ye'd call it a tiff in ye'er fam'ly, Hinnissy.

"But, mind ye, none iv these raisons go in anny two States. A man that wants to be properly divoorced will have to start out an' do a tour iv our gr-reat Republic. An' be th' time he's thurly released he may want to do it all over agin with th' second choice iv his wild, glad heart.

"It wud be a grand thing if it cud be straightened out. Th' laws ought to be th' same ivrywhere. In anny part iv this fair land iv ours it shud be th' right iv anny man to get a divoorce, with alimony, simply be goin' befure a Justice iv th' Peace an' makin' an affydavit that th' lady's face had grown too bleak f'r his taste. Be Hivens, I'd go

farther. Rather than have people endure this sarvichood I'd let anny man escape be jumpin' th' conthract. All he'd have to do if I was r-runnin' this Governmint wud be to put some clothes in th' grip, write a note to his wife that afther thinkin' it over f'r forty years he had made up his mind that his warm nature was not suited to marredge with th' mother iv so manny iv his childher, an' go out to return no more.

"I don't know much about marrid life, except what ye tell me an' what I r-read in th' pa-apers. But it must be sad. All over this land onhappily mated couples ar-re sufferin' almost as much as if they had a sliver in their thumb or a slight headache. Th' sorrows iv these people ar-re beyond belief. I say, Hinnissy, it is th' jooty iv th' law to marcifully release thim.

"Ye take th' case iv me frind fr'm Mud Center that I was readin' about th' other day. There was a martyr f'r ye. Poor fellow! Me eyes filled with tears thinkin' about him. Whin a young man he marrid. He was a

fireman in thim days, an' th' objict iv his etarnal affection was th' daughter iv th' most popylar saloon keeper in town. A gr-reat socyal gulf opened between thim. He had fine prospects iv ivinchooly bein' promoted to two-fifty a day, but she was heiress to a cellar full iv Monongahela rye an' a pool table, an' her parents objicted, because iv th' diff'rence in their positions. But love such as his is not to be denied. Th' bold suitor won. Together they eloped an' were marrid.

"F'r a short time all wint well. They lived together happily f'r twinty years an' raised wan iv th' popylous fam'lies iv people who expect to be supported in their old days. Th' impechuse lover, spurred on be th' desire to make good with his queen, slugged, cheated, an' wurruked his way to th' head iv th' railroad. He was no longer Greasy Bill, th' Oil Can, but Hinnery Aitch Bliggens, th' Prince iv Industhree. All th' diff'rent kinds iv money he iver heerd iv rolled into him, large money an' small, other people's money, money he'd labored f'r an' money he'd wished

f'r. Whin he set in his office countin' it he often left a call f'r six o'clock f'r fear he might be dhreamin' an' not get to th' roundhouse on time.

"But, bein' an American citizen, he soon felt as sure iv himsilf as though he'd got it all in th' Probate Coort, an' th' arly Spring saw him on a private car speedin' to New York, th' home iv Mirth. He was received with open ar-rms be ivry wan in that gr-reat city that knew the combynation iv a safe. He was taken f'r yacht rides be his fellow Kings iv Fi-nance. He was th' principal guest iv honor at a modest but tasteful dinner, where there was a large artificyal lake iv champagne into which th' comp'ny cud dive. In th' on'y part iv New York ye iver read about—ar-re there no churches or homes in New York, but on'y hotels, night resthrants, an' poolrooms? —in th' on'y part iv New York ye read about he cud be seen anny night sittin' where th' lights cud fall on his bald but youthful head.

"An' how was it all this time in dear old Mud Center? It is painful to say that th' lady

to whom our frind was tied f'r life had not kept pace with him. She had taught him to r-read, but he had gone on an' taken what Hogan calls th' postgrajate coorse. Women get all their book larnin' befure marredge, men afther. She'd been pretty active about th' childher while he was pickin' up more id-dycation in th' way iv business thin she'd iver dhream iv knowin'. She had th' latest news about th' throuble in th' Methodist Church, but he had a private wire into his office.

"A life spint in nourishin' th' young, Hinnissy, while fine to read about, isn't anny kind iv a beauty restorer, an' I've got to tell ye that th' lady prob'bly looked diff'rent fr'm th' gazelle he use to whistle three times f'r whin he wint by on Number Iliven. It's no aisy thing to rock th' cradle with wan hand an' ondylate th' hair with another. Be th' time he was gettin' into th' upper classes in New York she was slowin' down aven f'r Mud Center. Their tastes was decidedly dissimilar, says th' pa-aper. Time was whin he carrid

th' wash pitcher down to th' corner f'r a quart iv malt, while she dandled th' baby an' fried th' round steak at th' same time. That day was past. She hadn't got to th' pint where she cud dhrink champagne an' keep it out iv her nose. Th' passin' years had impaired all possible foundations f'r a new crop iv hair. Sometimes conversation lagged.

"Mud Center is a long way fr'm th' Casino. Th' last successful exthravaganza that th' lady had seen was a lecture be Jawn B. Gough. She got her Eyetalian opry out iv a music box. What was there f'r this joynt intelleck an' this household tyrant to talk about? No wondher he pined. Think iv this Light iv th' Tendherloin bein' compelled to set down ivry month or two an' chat about a new tooth that Hiven had just sint to a fam'ly up th' sthreet! Nor was that all. She give him no rest. Time an' time again she asked him was he comin' home that night. She tortured his proud spirit be recallin' th' time whin she used to flag him fr'm th' window iv th' room where Papa had locked her in. She aven

wint so far as to dhraw on him th' last cow'rdly weapon iv brutal wives—their tears. One time she thravelled to New York an' wan iv his frinds seen her. Oh, it was crool, crool. Hinnissy, tell me, wud ye condim this gr-reat man to such a slavery just because he'd made a rash promise whin he didn't have a cent in th' wurruld? Th' law said no. Whin th' Gr-reat Fi-nanceer cud stand it no longer he called upon th' Judge to sthrike off th' chains an' make him a free man. He got a divoorce."

"I dare ye to come down to my house an' say thim things," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, I know ye don't agree with me," said Mr. Dooley. "Nayether does th' parish priest. He's got it into his head that whin a man's marrid he's marrid, an' that's all there is to it. He puts his hand in th' grab-bag an' pulls out a blank an' he don't get his money back.

"'Ill-mated couples?' says he. 'Ill-mated couples? What ar-re ye talkin' about? Ar-re there anny other kinds? Ar-re there anny two people in th' wurruld that ar-re perfectly

mated?' he says. 'Was there iver a frindship that was annything more thin a kind iv suspension bridge between quarrels?' he says. 'In ivry branch iv life,' says he, 'we leap fr'm scrap to scrap,' he says. 'I'm wan iv th' best-timpered men in th' wurruld, am I not? ('Ye are not,' says I.) I'm wan iv th' kindest iv mortals,' he says, 'but put me in th' same house with Saint Jerome,' he says, 'an' there'd be at laste wan day in th' month whin I'd answer his last wurrd be slammin' th' dure behind me,' he says. 'Man is nachrally a fightin' an quarrelin' animal with his wife. Th' soft answer don't always turn away wrath. Sometimes it makes it worse,' he says. 'Th' throuble about divoorce is it always lets out iv th' bad bargain th' wan that made it bad. If I owned a half in a payin' business with ye, I'd niver let th' sun go down on a quarrel,' he says. 'But if ye had a bad mouth I'd go into coort an' wriggle out iv th' partnership because ye'ar a cantankerous old villain that no wan cud get on with,' he says.

"'If people knew they cudden't get away fr'm each other they'd settle down to life, just as I detarmined to like coal smoke whin I found th' collection wasn't big enough to put a new chimbley in th' parish house. I've acchally got to like it,' he says. 'There ain't anny condition iv human life that's not endurable if ye make up ye'er mind that ye've got to endure it,' he says. 'Th' throuble with the rich,' he says, 'is this, that whin a rich man has a perfectly nachral scrap with his beloved over breakfast, she stays at home an' does nawthin' but think about it, an' he goes out an' does nawthin but think about it, an' that afthernoon they're in their lawyers' office,' he says. 'But whin a poor gintleman an' a poor lady fall out, the poor lady puts all her anger into rubbin' th' zinc off th' washboord an' th' poor gintleman aises his be murdhrin' a slag pile with a shovel, an' be th' time night comes ar-round he says to himself: "Well, I've got to go home annyhow, an' it's no use I shud be onhappy because I'm misjudged," an' he puts a pound iv candy into

his coat pocket an' goes home an' finds her standin' at th' dure with a white apron on an' some new ruching ar-round her neck,' he says.

"An' there ye ar-re. Two opinions."

"I see on'y wan," said Mr. Hennessy. "What do ye raaly think?"

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "if people wanted to be divoorced I'd let thim, but I'd give th' parents into th' custody iv th' childher. They'd larn thim to behave."

GLORY

"HOGAN has been in here this afthernoon, an' I've heerd more scandal talked thin I iver thought was in the wurrld."

"Hogan had betther keep quiet," said Mr. Hennessy. "If he goes circulatin' anny stories about me I'll——"

"Ye needn't worry," said Mr. Dooley. "We didn't condiscend to talk about annywan iv ye'er infeeryor station. If ye want to be th' subjick iv our scand'lous discoorse ye'd betther go out an' make a repytation. No, sir, our talk was entirely about th' gr-reat an' illusthrees an' it ran all th' way fr'm Julius Cayzar to Ulysses Grant.

"Dear, oh dear, but they were th' bad lot. Thank th' Lord nobody knows about me. Thank th' Lord I had th' good sinse to retire f'rm pollyticks whin me repytation had spread as far as Halsted Sthreet. If I'd let

it go a block farther I'd've been sorry f'r it th' rest iv me life an' some years afther me death.

"I wanted to be famous in thim days, whin I was young an' foolish. 'Twas th' dhream iv me life to have people say as I wint by: 'There goes Dooley, th' gr-reatest statesman iv his age,' an' have thim name babies, sthreets, schools, canal boats, an' five-cent seegars afther me, an' whin I died to have it put in th' books that 'at this critical peeryod in th' history of America there was need iv a man who combined strenth iv charackter with love iv counthry. Such a man was found in Martin Dooley, a prom'nent retail liquor dealer in Ar-rchey Road.'

"That's what I wanted, an' I'm glad I didn't get me wish. If I had, 'tis little attintion to me charackter that th' books iv what Hogan calls bi-ography wud pay, but a good deal to me debts. Though they mintioned th' fact that I resked death f'r me adopted fatherland, they'd make th' more intherestin' story about th' time I almost met

it be fallin' down stairs while runnin' away fr'm a polisman. F'r wan page they'd print about me love iv counthry, they'd print fifty about me love iv dhrink.

"Th' things thim gr-reat men done wud give thim a place in Byrnes's book. If Julius Caysar was alive to-day he'd be doin' a lock-step down in Joliet. He was a corner loafer in his youth an' a robber in his old age. He busted into churches, fooled ar-round with other men's wives, curled his hair with a poker an' smelled iv perfumery like a Saturday night car. An' his wife was a suspicyous charackter an' he turned her away.

"Napolyon Bonypart. impror iv th' Fr-rinch, was far too gay aven f'r thim friv'lous people, an' had fits. His first wife was no betther than she shud be, an' his second wife didn't care f'r him. Willum Shakespeare is well known as an author of plays that no wan can play, but he was betther known as a two-handed dhrinker, a bad actor, an' a thief. His wife was a common scold an' led him th' life he desarved.

"They niver leave th' ladies out iv these stories iv th' gr-reat. A woman that marries a janius has a fine chance iv her false hair becomin' more immortal thin his gr-reatest deed. It don't make anny diff'rence if all she knew about her marital hero was that he was a consistent feeder, a sleepy husband, an' indulgent to his childher an' sometimes to himsilf, an' that she had to darn his socks. Nearly all th' gr-reat men had something th' matther with their wives. I always thought Mrs. Wash'nton, who was th' wife iv th' father iv our counthry, though childless hersilf, was about right. She looks good in th' pitchers, with a shawl ar-round her neck an' a frilled night-cap on her head. But Hogan says she had a tongue sharper thin George's soord, she insulted all his frinds, an' she was much older thin him. As f'r George, he was a case. I wish th' counthry had got itsilf a diff'rent father. A gr-reat moral rellijous counthry like this desarves a betther parent.

"They were all alike. I think iv Bobby Burns as a man that wrote good songs, aven

if they were in a bar'brous accint, but Hogan thinks iv him as havin' a load all th' time an' bein' th' scandal iv his parish. I remimber Andhrew Jackson as th' man that licked th' British at Noo Orleans be throwin' cotton bales at thim, but Hogan remimbers him as a man that cudden't spell an' had a wife who smoked a corncob pipe. I remimber Abraham Lincoln f'r freein' th' slaves, but Hogan remimbers how he used to cut loose yarns that made th' bartinder shake th' stove harder thin it needed. I remimber Grant f'r what he done ar-round Shiloh whin he was young, but Hogan remimbers him f'r what he done arr-ound New York whin he was old.

"An' so it goes. Whin a lad with nawthin' else to do starts out to write a bi-ography about a gr-reat man, he don't go to th' war departmint or th' public library. No, sir, he begins to search th' bureau dhrawers, old pigeon-holes, th' records iv th' polis coort, an' th' recollections iv th' hired girl. He likes letters betther thin annything else. He

don't care much f'r th' kind beginnin': 'Dear wife, I'm settin' in front iv th' camp fire wearin' th' flannel chest protector ye made me, an' dhreamin' iv ye,' but if he can find wan beginnin': 'Little Bright Eyes: Th' old woman has gone to th' counthry,' he's th' happiest bi-ographer ye cud see in a month's thravel.

"Hogan had wan iv thim books in here th' other day. 'Twas written by a frind, so ye can see it wasn't prejudiced wan way or another. 'At this time,' says the book, 'an ivint happened that was destined to change th' whole coorse iv our hero's life. Wan day, while in a sthreet car, where he lay dozin' fr'm dhrink, he awoke to see a beautiful woman thryin' to find a nickel in a powder puff. Th' brutal conductor towered over her, an' it was more thin th' Gin'ral cud bear. Risin' to his feet, with an oath, he pulled th' rope iv th' fare register an' fell off th' car.

"'Th' incident made a deep impression on th' Gin'ral. I have no doubt he often thought

iv his beautiful Madonna iv th' throlly, although he niver said so. But wan night as he staggered out iv th' dinin'-room at th' German Ambassadure's, who shud he run acrost but th' fair vision iv th' surface line. She curtsied low an' picked him up, an' there began a frindship so full iv sorrow an' happiness to both iv thim. He seldom mintioned her, but wan night he was heard to mutter: 'Her face is like wan iv Rembrand's saints.' A few historyans contind that what he said was: 'Her face looks like a remnant sale,' but I cannot believe this.

"They exchanged brilliant letters f'r manny years, in fact ontil th' enchanthress was locked up in an insane asylum. I have not been able to find anny iv his letters, but her's fell into th' hands iv wan iv his faithful servants, who presarved an' published thim. (Love an' Letters iv Gin'ral Dhreadnaught an' Alfaretta Agonized; Stolen, Collected an' Edited be James Snooper.) * * * Next year was mim'rable f'r his gloryous victhry at Punkheim, all th' more wondher-

ful because at th' time our hero was sufferin' fr'm deleeryyum thremens.

"'It shows th' fortitude iv th' Gin'ral an' that he was as gr-reat a liar as I have indicated in th' precedin' pages, that with th' cheers iv his sojers ringin' in his ears, he cud still write home to his wife: 'Ol' girl—I can't find annything fit to dhrink down here. Can't ye sind me some cider fr'm th' farm.' * * * In 1865 he was accused iv embezzlemint, but th' charges niver reached his ears or th' public's ontil eight years afther his death. * * * In '67 his foster brother, that he had neglected in Kansas City, slipped on his ballroom flure an' broke his leg. * * * In '70 his wife died afther torturin' him f'r fifty years. They were a singularly badly mated couple, with a fam'ly iv fourteen childher, but he did not live long to enjoy his happiness. F'r some reason he niver left his house, but passed away within a month, one of th' gr-reatest men th' cinchry has projooced. For further details iv th' wrong things he done see th' notes at th' end iv th' volume.'

"It seems to me, Hinnissy, that this here thing called bi-ography is a kind iv an offset f'r histhry. Histhry lies on wan side, an' bi-ography comes along an' makes it rowl over an' lie on th' other side. Th' historyan says, go up; th' bi-ographer says, come down among us. I don't believe ayether iv thim.

"I was talkin' with Father Kelly about it afther Hogan wint out. 'Were they all so bad, thim men that I've been brought up to think so gloryous?' says I. 'They were men,' says Father Kelly. 'Ye mustn't believe all ye hear about thim, no matther who says it,' says he. 'It's a thrait iv human nature to pull down th' gr-reat an' sthrong. Th' hero sthruts through histhry with his chin up in th' air, his scipter in his hand an' his crown on his head. But behind him dances a boot-black imitatin' his walk an' makin' faces at him. Fame invites a man out iv his house to be crowned f'r his gloryous deeds, an' sarves him with a warrant f'r batin' his wife. 'Tis not in th' nature iv things that it shudden't be so. We'd all

perish iv humilyation if th' gr-reat men iv th' wurruld didn't have nachral low-down thraits. If they don't happen to possess thim, we make some up f'r thim. We allow no man to tower over us. Wan way or another we level th' wurruld to our own height. If we can't reach th' hero's head we cut off his legs. It always makes me feel aisier about mesilf whin I r-read how bad Julius Cayzar was. An' it stimylates compytition. If gr-reatness an' goodness were hand in hand 'tis small chance anny iv us wud have iv seein' our pitchers in th' pa-apers.'

"An' so it is that the battles ye win, th' pitchers ye paint, th' people ye free, th' childher that disgrace ye, th' false step iv ye'er youth, all go thundherin' down to immortality together. An' afther all, isn't it a good thing? Th' on'y bi-ography I care about is th' one Mulligan th' stone-cutter will chop out f'r me. I like Mulligan's style, f'r he's no flatthrer, an' he has wan model iv bi-ography that he uses f'r old an' young, rich an' poor. He merely writes something

to th' gin'ral effect that th' deceased was a wondher, an' lets it go at that."

"Which wud ye rather be, famous or rich?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I'd like to be famous," said Mr. Dooley, "an' have money enough to buy off all threatenin' bi-ographers."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

"I SEE be th' pa-apers that th' ladies in England have got up in their might an' demanded a vote."

"A what?" cried Mr. Hennessy.

"A vote," said Mr. Dooley.

"Th' shameless viragoes," said Mr. Hennessy. "What did they do?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "an immense concoorse iv forty iv thim gathered in London an' marched up to th' House iv Commons, or naytional dormytory, where a loud an' almost universal snore proclaimed that a debate was ragin' over th' bill to allow English gintlemen to marry their deceased wife's sisters befure th' autopsy. In th' great hall iv Rufus some iv th' mightiest male intellecks in Britain slept undher their hats while an impassioned orator delivered a hem-stitched speech on th' subject iv th' day to th' attin-

tive knees an' feet iv th' ministhry. It was into this here assimbly iv th' first gintlemen iv Europe that ye see on ye'er way to France that th' furyous females attimpted to enter. Undaunted be th' stairs iv th' building or the' rude jeers iv th' multichood, they advanced to th' very outside dures iv th' idifice. There an overwhelmin' force iv three polismen opposed thim. 'What d'ye want, mum?' asked the polis. 'We demand th' suffrage,' says th' commander iv th' army iv freedom.

"The brutal polis refused to give it to thim an' a desp'rate battle followed. Th' ladies fought gallantly, hurlin' cries iv 'Brute,' 'Monster,' 'Cheap,' et cethry, at th' constablry. Hat pins were dhrawn. Wan lady let down her back hair; another, bolder thin th' rest, done a fit on th' marble stairs; a third, p'raps rendered insane be sufferin' f'r a vote, sthruck a burly ruffyan with a Japanese fan on th' little finger iv th' right hand. Thin th' infuryated officers iv th' law charged on th' champeens iv liberty. A scene iv horror followed. Polismen seized ladies be

th' arms and' led thim down th' stairs; others were carried out fainting by th' tyrants. In a few minyits all was over, an' nawthin' but three hundhred hairpins remained to mark th' scene iv slaughter. Thus, Hinnissy, was another battle f'r freedom fought an' lost."

"It sarves thim right," said Mr. Hennessy. "They ought to be at home tindin' th' babies."

"A thrue statement an' a sound argymint that appeals to ivry man. P'raps they havn't got any babies. A baby is a good substichoot f'r a ballot, an' th' hand that rocks th' cradle sildom has time f'r anny other luxuries. But why shud we give thim a vote, says I. What have they done to injye this impeeryal suffrage that we fought an' bled f'r? Whin me forefathers were followin' George Wash'nton an' sufferin' all th' hardships that men endure campin' out in vacation time, what were th' women doin'? They were back in Matsachoosetts milkin' th' cow, mendin' socks, followin' th' plow, plantin' corn, keepin' store, shoein' horses, an' pur-

sooin' th' other frivvlous follies iv th' fair but fickle sect. Afther th' war our brave fellows come back to Boston an' as a reward f'r their devotion got a vote apiece, if their wives had kept th' Pilgrim fathers that stayed at home fr'm foreclosin' th' morgedge on their property. An' now, be hivens, they want to share with us what we won.

"Why, they wudden't know how to vote. They think it's an aisy job that anny wan can do, but it ain't. It's a man's wurruk, an' a sthrong man's with a sthrong stomach. I don't know annything that requires what Hogan calls th' exercise iv manly vigor more thin votin'. It's th' hardest wurruk I do in th' year. I get up befure daylight an' thramp over to th' Timple iv Freedom, which is also th' office iv a livery stable. Wan iv th' judges has a cold in his head an' closes all th' windows. Another judge has built a roarin' fire in a round stove an' is cookin' red-hots on it. Th' room is lit with candles an' karosene lamps, an' is crowded with pathrites who haven't been to bed. At

th' dure are two or three polismen that maybe ye don't care to meet. Dock O'Leary says he don't know annything that'll exhaust th' air iv a room so quick as a polisman in his winter unyform. All th' pathrites an', as th' pa-apers call thim, th' high-priests iv this here sacred rite, ar-re smokin' th' best seegars that th' token money iv our counthry can buy.

"In th' pleasant warmth iv th' fire, th' harness on th' walls glows an' puts out its own peculiar aromy. Th' owner iv th' sanchooary iv Liberty comes in, shakes up a bottle iv liniment made iv carbolic acid, pours it into a cup an' goes out. Wan iv th' domestic attindants iv th' guests iv th' house walks through fr'm makin' th' beds. Afther a while th' chief judge, who knows me well, because he shaves me three times a week, gives me a contimchous stare, asks me me name an' a number iv scand'lous questions about me age.

"I'm timpted to make an angry retort, whin I see th' polisman movin' nearer, so I take me ballot an' wait me turn in th' booth.

They're all occypied be writhin' freemen, callin' in sthrangled voices f'r somewan to light th' candle so they'll be sure they ain't votin' th' prohybition ticket. Th' calico sheets over th' front iv th' booths wave an' ar-re pushed out like th' curtains iv a Pullman car whin a fat man is dhressin' inside while th' thrain is goin' r-round a curve. In time a freeman bursts through, with perspyration poorin' down his nose, hurls his suffrage at th' judge an' staggers out. I plunge in, sharpen an inch iv lead pencil be rendin' it with me teeth, mutilate me ballot at th' top iv th' dimmycratic column, an' run f'r me life.

"Cud a lady do that, I ask ye? No, sir, 'tis no job f'r th' fair. It's men's wurruk. Molly Donahue wants a vote, but though she cud bound Kamachatka as aisily as ye cud this precint, she ain't qualified f'r it. It's meant f'r gr-reat sturdy American pathrites like Mulkowsky th' Pollacky down th' sthreet. He don't know yet that he ain't votin' f'r th' King iv Poland. He thinks he's still over

there pretindin' to be a horse instead iv a free American givin' an imytation iv a steam dhredge.

"On th' first Choosday afther th' first Monday in November an' April a man goes arround to his house, wakes him up, leads him down th' sthreet, an' votes him th' way ye'd wather a horse. He don't mind inhalin' th' air iv liberty in a livery stable. But if Molly Donahue wint to vote in a livery stable, th' first thing she'd do wud be to get a broom, sweep up th' flure, open th' windows, disinfect th' booths, take th' harness fr'm th' walls, an' hang up a pitcher iv Niagary be moonlight, chase out th' watchers an' polis, remove th' seegars, make th' judges get a shave, an' p'raps invalydate th' iliction. It's no job f'r her, an' I told her so.

"'We demand a vote,' says she. 'All right,' says I, 'take mine. It's old, but it's trustworthy an' durable. It may look a little th' worse f'r wear fr'm bein' hurled again a republican majority in this counthry f'r forty years, but it's all right. Take my vote an'

use it as ye please,' says I, 'an' I'll get an hour or two exthry sleep iliction day mornin',' says I. 'I've voted so often I'm tired iv it annyhow,' says I. 'But,' says I, 'why shud anny wan so young an' beautiful as ye want to do annything so foolish as to vote?' says I. 'Ain't we intilligent enough?' says she. 'Ye'ar too intilligent,' says I. 'But intilligence don't give ye a vote.'

"'What does, thin,' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'enough iv ye at wan time wantin' it enough. How many ladies ar-re there in ye'er Woman's Rights Club?' 'Twinty,' says she. 'Make it three hundher,' says I, 'an' ye'll be on ye'er way. Ye'er mother doesn't want it, does she? No, nor ye'er sister Katie? No, nor ye'er cousin, nor ye'er aunt? All that iliction day means to thim is th' old man goin' off in th' mornin' with a light step an' fire in his eye, an' comin' home too late at night with a dent in his hat, newsboys hollerin' exthries with th' news that fifty-four votes had been cast in th' third precint in th' sivinth ward at 8 o'clock, an'

Packy an' Aloysius stealin' bar'ls fr'm th' groceryman f'r th' bone-fire. If they iver join ye an' make up their minds to vote, they'll vote. Ye bet they will.'

"'Ye see, 'twas this way votin' come about. In th' beginnin' on'y th' king had a vote, an' ivrybody else was a Chinyman or an Indyan. Th' king clapped his crown on his head an' wint down to th' polls, marked a cross at th' head iv th' column where his name was, an' wint out to cheer th' returns. Thin th' jooks got sthrong, an' says they: "Votin' seems a healthy exercise an' we'd like to thry it. Give us th' franchise or we'll do things to ye." An' they got it. Thin it wint down through th' earls an' th' markises an' th' rest iv th' Dooley fam'ly, till fin'lly all that was left iv it was flung to th' ign'rant masses like Hinnissy, because they made a lot iv noise an' threatened to set fire to th' barns.'

"'An' there ye ar-re. Ye'll niver get it be askin' th' polis f'r it. No wan iver got his rights fr'm a polisman, an' be th' same token, there ar-re no rights worth havin' that a polis-

man can keep ye fr'm gettin'. Th' ladies iv London ar-re followin' the right coorse, on'y there ain't enough iv thim. If there were forty thousand iv thim ar-rmed with hat pins an' prepared to plunge th' same into th' stomachs iv th' inimies iv female suffrage, an' if, instead iv faintin' in th' ar-rms iv th' constablry, they charged an' punctured thim an' broke their way into th' House iv Commons, an' pulled th' wig off the speaker, an' knocked th' hat over th' eyes iv th' prime ministher it wudden't be long befure some mimber wud talk in his sleep in their favor. Ye bet! If ye'er suffrage club was composed iv a hundhred thousand sturdy ladies it wudden't be long befure Bill O'Brien wud be sindin' ye a box iv chocolate creams f'r ye'er vote.'

"'Some day ye may get a vote, but befure ye do I'll r-read this in th' pa-apers: "A hundhred thousand armed an' detarmined women invaded th' capital city to-day demandin' th' right to vote. They chased th' polis acrost th' Pottymac, mobbed a newspaper that was agin th' bill, an' tarred an' feath-

ered Sinitor Glue, th' leader iv th' opposition. At 10 o'clock a rumor spread that th' Prisident wud veto th' bill, an' instantly a huge crowd iv excited females gathered in front of the White House, hurlin' rocks an' cryin' 'Lynch him!' Th' tumult was on'y quelled whin th' President's wife appeared on th' balcony an' made a brief speech. She said she was a mimber iv th' local suffrage club, an' she felt safe in assuring her sisters that th' bill wud be signed. If nicissry, she wud sign it hersilf. (Cheers.) Th' Prisident was a little onruly, but he was frequently that way. Th' marrid ladies in th' aujeence wud undherstand. He meant nawthin'. It was on'y wan iv his tantrums. A little moral suasion wud bring him ar-round all right. At prisint th' Chief Magistrate was in th' kitchen with his daughter settin' on his head.

'"Th' speech was received with loud cheers, an' th' mob proceeded down Pinnslyvanya Avnoo. Be noon all enthrances to th' capital were jammed. Congressmen attimptin' to enter were seized be th' hair iv th' head

an' made to sign a pa-aper promisin' to vote right. Immejately afther th' prayer th' Hon'rable Clarence Gumdhrop iv Matsachoosetts offered th' suffrage bill f'r passage. 'Th' motion is out iv ordher,' began th' Speaker. At this minyit a lady standin' behind th' chair dhrove a darning needle through his coat tails. 'But,' continued th' Speaker, reachin' behind him with an agnized expression, 'I will let it go annyhow.' 'Mr. Speaker, I protest,' began th' Hon'rable Attila Sthrong, 'I protest—' At this a perfeck tornado iv rage broke out in th' gall'ries. Inkwells, bricks, combs, shoes, smellin' bottles, hand mirrors, fans, an' powdher puffs were hurled at th' onforchnit mimber. In the midst iv th' confusion th' wife iv Congressman Sthrong cud be seen wavin' a par'sol over her head an' callin' out: 'I dare ye to come home to-night, polthroon.'

'"Whin th' noise partially subsided, th' bold Congressman, his face livid with emotion, was heard to remark with a sob: 'I was on'y about to say I second th' motion, deary.' Th'

bill was carried without a dissintin' voice, an' rushed over to th' Sinit. There it was opposed be Jeff Davis but afther a brief dialogue with th' leader iv th' suffrageites, he swooned away. Th' Sinit fin'lly insthructed th' clerk to cast th' unanimous vote f'r th' measure. To-night in th' prisince iv a vast multichood th' Prisident was led out be his wife. He was supported, or rather pushed, be two iv his burly daughters. He seemed much confused, an' his wife had to point out th' place where he was to sign. With tremblin' fingers he affixed his signature an' was led back.

'"The night passed quietly. Th' sthreets were crowded all avenin' with good-natured throngs iv ladies, an' in front iv th' dry goods stores, which were illuminated f'r th' occasion, it was almost impossible to get through. Iv coorse there were th' usual riochous scenes in th' dhrug stores, where th' bibulous gathered at th' sody-wather counthers an' cillybrated th' victory in lemon, vanilla, an' choc'late, some iv thim keepin' it up till 9 o'clock, or aven later.'"

"'Whin that comes about, me child,' says I, 'ye may sheathe ye'er hat pins in ye'er millinary, f'r ye'll have as much right to vote as th' most ignorant man in th' ward. But don't ask f'r rights. Take thim. An' don't let anny wan give thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' th' matther with it. It's more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out,' says I. 'I didn't fight f'r th' rights I'm told I injye, though to tell ye th' truth I injye me wrongs more; but some wan did. Some time some fellow was prepared to lay down his life, or betther still, th' other fellows', f'r th' right to vote.'"

"I believe ye're in favor iv it ye'ersilf," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Faith," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm not wan way or th' other. I don't care. What dif-f'rence does it make? I wudden't mind at all havin' a little soap an' wather, a broom an' a dusther applied to pollyticks. It wudden't do anny gr-reat harm if a man cudden't be illicted to office onless he kept his hair combed an' blacked his boots an' shaved his chin

wanst a month. Annyhow, as Hogan says, I care not who casts th' votes iv me counthry so long as we can hold th' offices. An' there's on'y wan way to keep the women out iv office, an' that's to give thim a vote."

THE BACHELOR TAX

"THIS here pa-aper says," said Mr. Hennessy, "that they're goin' to put a tax on bachelors. That's r-right. Why shudden't there be a tax on bachelors? There's one on dogs."

"That's r-right," said Mr. Dooley. "An' they're goin' to make it five dollars a year. Th' dogs pay only two. It's quite a concession to us. They consider us more thin twice as vallyable, or annyhow more thin twice as dangerous as dogs. I suppose ye expect next year to see me throttin' around with a leather collar an' a brass tag on me neck. If me tax isn't paid th' bachelor wagon'll come over an' th' bachelor catcher'll lassoo me an' take me to th' pound an' I'll be kept there three days an' thin, if still unclaimed, I'll be dhrowned onless th' pound keeper takes a fancy to me.

"Ye'll niver see it, me boy. No, Sir. Us bachelors ar-re a sthrong body iv men polytickally, as well as handsome and brave. If ye thry to tax us we'll fight ye to th' end. If worst comes to worst we won't pay th' tax. Don't ye think f'r a minyit that light-footed heroes that have been eludin' onprincipled females all their lives won't be able to dodge a little thing like a five-dollar tax. There's no clumsy collector in th' wurruld that cud catch up with a man iv me age who has avoided the machinations iv th' fair f'r forty years an' remains unmarrid.

"An' why shud we be taxed? We're th' mainstay iv th' Constitution an' about all that remains iv liberty. If ye think th' highest jooty iv citizenship is to raise a fam'ly why don' t ye give a vote to th' shad? Who puts out ye'er fire f'r ye, who supports th' Naytional Governmint be payin' most iv th' intarnal rivnoo jooties, who maintains th' schools ye sind ye'er ignorant little childher to, be payin' th' saloon licenses, who does th' fightin' f'r ye in th' wars but th' bachelors?

"Th' marrid men start all th' wars with loose talk whin they're on a spree. But whin war is declared they begin to think what a tur-rble thing 'twud be if they niver come home to their fireside an' their wife got marrid again an' all their grandchildher an' their great-grandchildher an' their widow an' th' man that marrid her an' his divoorced wife an' their rilitives, descindants, friends, an' acquaintances wud have to live on afther father was dead and gone with a large piece iv broken iron in his stomach or back, as th' case might be, but a pension come fr'm th' Governmint. So, th' day war is declared ye come over here an' stick a sthrange-lookin' weepin in me hand an' I close down me shop an' go out somewhere I niver was befure an' maybe lose me leg defindin' th' hearths iv me counthry, me that niver had a hearth iv me own to warm me toes by but th' oil stove in me bedroom. An' that's th' kind iv men ye'd be wantin' to tax like a pushcart or a cow. Onscrupulous villain!

"Whin ye tax th' bachelors ye tax valor.

Whin ye tax th' bachelors ye tax beauty. Ye've got to admit that we're a much finer lookin' lot iv fellows thin th' marrid men. That's why we're bachelors. 'Tis with us as with th' ladies. A lady with an erratic face is sure to be marrid befure a Dhream iv Beauty. She starts to wurruk right away an' what Hogan calls th' doctrine iv av'rages is always with thim that starts early an' makes manny plays. But th' Dhream iv Beauty figures out that she can wait an' take her pick an' 'tis not ontil she is bumpin' thirty that she wakes up with a scream to th' peril iv her position an' runs out an' pulls a man down fr'm th' top iv a bus. Manny a plain but determined young woman have I seen happily marrid an' doin' th' cookin' f'r a large fam'ly whin her frind who'd had her pitcher in th' contest f'r th' most beautiful woman in Brighton Park was settin' behind th' blinds waitin' f'r some wan to take her buggy ridin'.

"So it is with us. A man with a face that looks as if some wan had thrown it at him in

anger nearly always marries befure he is old enough to vote. He feels he has to an' he cultivates what Hogan calls th' graces. How often do ye hear about a fellow that he is very plain but has a beautiful nature. Ye bet he has. If he hadn't an' didn't always keep it in th' show-case where all th' wurruld cud see he'd be lynched be th' Society f'r Municipal Improvement. But 'tis diff'rent with us comely bachelors. Bein' very beautiful, we can afford to be haughty an' peevish. It makes us more inthrestin'. We kind iv look thim over with a gentle but supeeryor eye an' say to oursilves: 'Now, there's a nice, pretty atthractive girl. I hope she'll marry well.' By an' by whin th' roses fade fr'm our cheeks an' our eye is dimmed with age we bow to th' inivitable, run down th' flag iv defiance, an' ar-re yanked into th' multichood iv happy an' speechless marrid men that look like flashlight pitchers. Th' best-lookin' iv us niver get marrid at all.

"Yes, Sir, there's no doubt we do a good deal to beautify th' landscape. Whose pitch-

ers ar-re those ye see in th' advertisemints iv th' tailorman? There's not a marrid man among thim. They're all bachelors. What does th' gents' furnishing man hang his finest neckties in th' front window f'r but to glisten with a livelier iris, as Hogan says, th' burnished bachelor? See th' lordly bachelor comin' down th' sthreet, with his shiny plug hat an' his white vest, th' dimon stud that he wint in debt f'r glistenin' in his shirt front, an' th' patent-leather shoes on his feet outshinin' th' noonday sun.

"Thin we see th' marrid man with th' wrinkles in his coat an' his tie undher his ear an' his chin unshaven. He's walkin' in his gaiters in a way that shows his socks ar-re mostly darned. I niver wore a pair iv darned socks since I was a boy. Whin I make holes in me hosiery I throw thim away. 'Tis a fine idee iv th' ladies that men are onhappy because they have no wan to darn their socks an' put buttons on their shirts. Th' truth is that a man is not onhappy because his socks ar-re not darned but because they ar-re.

An' as f'r buttons on his shirt, whin th' buttons comes off a bachelor's shirt he fires it out iv th' window. His rule about clothes is thurly scientific. Th' survival iv th' fit, d'ye mind. Th' others to th' discard. No marrid man dares to wear th' plumage iv a bachelor. If he did his wife wud suspict him. He lets her buy his cravats an' his seegars an' 'tis little diff'rence it makes to him which he smokes.

"'Twud be villanous to tax th' bachelors. Think iv th' moral side iv it. What's that? Ye needn't grin. I said moral. Yes, Sir. We're th' most onselfish people in th' wurruld. All th' throubles iv th' neighborhood ar-re my throubles an' my throubles ar-re me own. If ye shed a tear f'r anny person but wan ye lose ye'er latch-key, but havin' no wan in partiklar to sympathize with I'm supposed to sympathize with ivry wan. On th' conthry if ye have anny griefs ye can't bear ye dump thim on th' overburdened shoulders iv ye'er wife. But if I have anny griefs I must bear thim alone. If a bachelor complains iv his throubles people say: 'Oh, he's a gay dog.

Sarves him right.' An' if he goes on complainin' he's liable to be in gr-reat peril. I wudden't dare to tell me woes to ye'er wife. If I did she'd have a good cry, because she injyes cryin', an' thin she'd put on her bonnet an' r-run over an' sick th' widow O'Brien on me.

"Whin a lady begins to wondher if I'm not onhappy in me squalid home without th' touch iv a woman's hand ayether in th' tidy on th' chair or in th' inside pocket iv th' coat, I say: 'No, ma'am, I live in gr-reat luxury surrounded be all that money can buy an' manny things that it can't or won't. There ar-re Turkish rugs on th' flure an' chandyleers hang fr'm th' ceilins. There I set at night dhrinkin' absinthe, sherry wine, port wine, champagne, beer, whisky, rum, claret, kimmel, weiss beer, cream de mint, curaso, an' binidictine, occas'nally takin' a dhraw at an opeem pipe an' r-readin' a Fr-rinch novel. Th' touch iv a woman's hand wudden't help this here abode iv luxury. Wanst, whin I was away, th' beautiful Swede slave that

scrubs out me place iv business broke into th' palachal boodoor an' in thryin' to set straight th' ile paintin' iv th' Chicago fire burnin' Ilivator B, broke a piece off a frame that cost me two dollars iv good money.' If they knew that th' on'y furniture in me room was a cane-bottomed chair an' a thrunk an' that there was nawthin' on th' flure but oilcloth an' me clothes, an' that 'tis so long since me bed was made up that it's now a life-size plaster cast iv me, I'd be dhragged to th' altar at th' end iv a chain.

"Speakin' as wan iv th' few survivin' bachelors, an old vethran that's escaped manny a peril an' got out iv manny a difficult position with honor, I wish to say that fair woman is niver so dangerous as whin she's sorry f'r ye. Whin th' wurruds 'Poor man' rises to her lips an' th' nurse light comes into her eyes, I know 'tis time f'r me to take me hat an' go. An' if th' hat's not handy I go without it.

"I bet ye th' idee iv taxin' bachelors started with th' dear ladies. But I say to

thim: 'Ladies, is not this a petty revenge on ye'er best frinds? Look on ye'er own husbands an' think what us bachelors have saved manny iv ye'er sisters fr'm. Besides aren't we th' hope iv th' future iv th' instichoochion iv mathrimony? If th' onmarrid ladies ar-re to marry at all, 'tis us, th' bold bachelors, they must look forward to. We're not bachelors fr'm choice. We're bachelors because we can't make a choice. Ye all look so lovely to us that we hate to bring th' tears into th' eyes iv others iv ye be marryin' some iv ye. Considher our onforchnit position an' be kind. Don't oppress us. We were not meant f'r slaves. Don't thry to coerce us. Continue to lay f'r us an' hope on. If ye tax us there's hardly an old bachelor in th' land that won't fling his five dollars acrost th' counter at th' tax office an' say: 'Hang th' expense.'"

THE RISING OF THE SUBJECT RACES

"YE'ER frind Simpson was in here awhile ago," said Mr. Dooley, "an' he was that mad."

"What ailed him?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "it seems he wint into me frind Hip Lung's laundhry to get his shirt an' it wasn't ready. Followin' what Hogan calls immemoryal usage, he called Hip Lung such names as he cud remimber and thried to dhrag him around th' place be his shinin' braid. But instead iv askin' f'r mercy, as he ought to, Hip Lung swung a flat-iron on him an' thin ironed out his spine as he galloped up th' stairs. He come to me f'r advice an' I advised him to see th' American consul. Who's th' American consul in Chicago now? I don't know. But Hogan, who was here at th' time, grabs him be th' hand an'

says he: 'I congratulate ye, me boy,' he says. 'Ye have a chance to be wan iv th' first martyrs iv th' white race in th' gr-reat sthruggle that's comin' between thim an' th' smoked or tinted races iv th' wurruld,' he says. 'Ye'll be another Jawn Brown's body or Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Go back an' let th' Chink kill ye an' cinchries hence people will come with wreathes and ate hard-biled eggs on ye'er grave,' he says.

"But Simpson said he did not care to be a martyr. He said he was a retail grocer be pro-fissyon an' Hip Lung was a customer iv his, though he got most iv his vittles fr'm th' taxydermist up th' sthreet an' he thought he'd go around to-morrah an' concilyate him. So he wint away.

"Hogan, d'ye mind, has a theery that it's all been up with us blondes since th' Jap'nese war. Hogan is a prophet. He's wan iv th' gr-reatest prophets I know. A prophet, Hinnissy, is a man that foresees throuble. No wan wud listen a minyit to anny prophet that prophesized pleasant days. A successful

weather prophet is wan that predicts thunder storms, hurrycanes an' earthquakes; a good financial prophet is wan that predicts panics; a pollytickal prophet must look into th' tea leaves an' see th' institutions iv th' wurruld cracked wide open an' th' smilin', not to say grinnin', fields iv this counthry iv ours, or somebody's laid waste with fire and soord. Hogan's that kind iv a prophet. I'm onhappy about to-day but cheerful about to-morrah. Hogan is th' happyest man in th' wurruld about to-day but to-morrah something is goin' to happen. I hate to-day because to-morrah looks so good. He's happy to-day because it is so pleasant compared with what to-morrah is goin' to be. Says I: 'Cheer up; we'll have a good time at th' picnic next Saturdah.' Says he: 'It will rain at th' picnic.'

"He's a rale prophet. I wudden't pick him out as a well-finder. He cudden't find a goold mine f'r ye but he cud see th' bottom iv wan through three thousand feet iv bullyon. He can peer into th' most blindin' sunshine

an' see th' darkness lurkin' behind it. He's predicted ivry war that has happened in our time and eight thousand that haven't happened to happen. If he had his way th' United States navy wud be so big that there wudden't be room f'r a young fellow to row his girl in Union Park. He can see a war cloud where I can't see annything but somebody cookin' his dinner or lightin' his pipe. He'd made th' gr-reat foreign iditor an' he'd be fine f'r th' job f'r he's best late at night.

"Hogan says th' time has come f'r th' subjick races iv th' wurruld to rejooce us fair wans to their own complexion be batin' us black and blue. Up to now 'twas: 'Sam, ye black rascal, tow in thim eggs or I'll throw ye in th' fire. 'Yassir,' says Sam. 'Comin',' he says. 'Twas: 'Wow Chow, while ye'er idly stewin' me cuffs I'll set fire to me unpaid bills.' 'I wud feel repaid be a kick,' says Wow Chow. 'Twas: 'Maharajah Sewar, swing th' fan swifter or I'll have to roll over f'r me dog whip.' 'Higgins Sahib,' says Maharajah Sewar, 'Higgins Sahib, beloved

iv Gawd an' Kipling, ye'er punishments ar-re th' nourishment iv th' faithful. My blood hath served thine f'r manny ginerations. At laste two. 'Twas thine old man that blacked my father's eye an' sint my uncle up f'r eighty days. How will ye'er honor have th' accursed swine's flesh cooked f'r breakfast in th' mornin' when I'm through fannin' ye?'

"But now, says Hogan, it's all changed. Iver since th' Rooshyans were starved out at Port Arthur and Portsmouth, th' wurrud has passed around an' ivry naygur fr'm lemon color to coal is bracin' up. He says they have aven a system of tilly-graftin' that bates ours be miles. They have no wires or poles or wathered stock but th' population is so thick that whin they want to sind wurrud along th' line all they have to do is f'r wan man to nudge another an' something happens in Northern Chiny is known in Southern Indya befure sunset. And so it passed through th' undherwurruld that th' color line was not to be dhrawn anny more, an' Hogan says that almost anny time he ix-

picts to see a black face peerin' through a window an' in a few years I'll be takin' in laundhry in a basement instead iv occypyin' me present impeeryal position, an' ye'll be settin' in front iv ye'er cabin home playin' on a banjo an' watchin' ye'er little pickahinnissies rollickin' on th' ground an' wondhrn' whin th' lynchin' party'll arrive.

"That's what Hogan says. I niver knew th' subjick races had so much in thim befure. A few years ago I had no more thought iv Japan thin I have iv Dorgan's cow. I admire Dorgan's cow. It's a pretty cow. I have often leaned on th' fence an' watched Dorgan milkin' his cow. Sometimes I wondhered in a kind iv smoky way why as good an' large a cow as that shud let a little man like Dorgan milk her. But if Dorgan's cow shud stand up on her hind legs, kick over the bucket, chase Dorgan out iv th' lot, put on a khaki unyform, grab hold of a Mauser rifle an' begin shootin' at me, I wudden't be more surprised thin I am at th' idee iv Japan bein' wan iv th' nations iv th' wurruld.

"I don't see what th' subjick races got to kick about, Hinnissy. We've been awfully good to thim. We sint thim missionaries to teach thim th' error iv their relligyon an' nawthin' cud be kinder thin that f'r there's nawthin' people like betther thin to be told that their parents are not be anny means where they thought they were but in a far more crowded an' excitin' locality. An' with th' missionaries we sint sharpshooters that cud pick off a Chinyman beatin' th' conthribution box at five hundherd yards. We put up palashal goluf-coorses in the cimitries an' what was wanst th' tomb iv Hung Chang, th' gr-reat Tartar Impror, rose to th' dignity iv bein' th' bunker guardin' th' fifth green. No Chinyman cud fail to be pleased at seein' a tall Englishman hittin' th' Chinyman's grandfather's coffin with a niblick. We sint explorers up th' Nile who raypoorted that th' Ganzain flows into th' Oboo just above Lake Mazap, a fact that th' naygurs had known f'r a long time. Th' explorer announces that he has changed th' names iv these wather-coorses

to Smith, Blifkins an' Winkinson. He wishes to deny th' infamyous story that he iver ate a native alive. But wan soon succumbs to th' customs iv a counthry an' Sir Alfred is no viggytaryan.

"An' now, be Hivin, all these here wretched millyons that we've done so much f'r ar-re turnin' on us. Th' Japs threaten us with war. Th' Chinese won't buy shoes fr'm us an' ar-re chasin' th' missionaries out iv their cozy villas an' not even givin' thim a chance to carry away their piannies or their silverware. There's th' divvle to pay all along th' levee fr'm Manchurya to Madagascar, accordin' to Hogan. I begin to feel onaisy. Th' first thing we know all th' other subjick races will be up. Th' horses will kick an' bite, the dogs will fly at our throats whin we lick thim, th' fishes will refuse to be caught, th' cattle an' pigs will set fire to th' stock yards an' there'll be a gineral rebellyon against th' white man.

"It's no laughin' matther, I tell ye. A subjick race is on'y funny whin it's raaly subjick. About three years ago I stopped

laughin' at Jap'nese jokes. Ye have to feel supeeryor to laugh an' I'm gettin' over that feelin'. An' nawthin' makes a man so mad an' so scared as whin something he looked down on as infeeryor tur-rns on him. If a fellow man hits him he hits him back. But if a dog bites him he yells 'mad dog' an' him an' th' neighbors pound th' dog to pieces with clubs. If th' naygurs down South iver got together an' flew at their masters ye'd hear no more coon songs f'r awhile. It's our conceit makes us supeeryor. Take it out iv us an' we ar-re about th' same as th' rest.

"I wondher what we'd do if all thim infeeryor races shud come at us together?" said Mr. Hennessy. "They're enough iv thim to swamp us."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I'd have to go on bein' white or, to speak more acc'rately, pink. An' annyhow I guess they've been infeeryor too long to change. It's got to be a habit with thim."

PANICS

"HAVE ye taken ye'er money out iv th' bank? Are ye wan iv thim impechuse prooletaryans that has been attackin' th' Gibyraltars iv fi-nance, cow'rd that ye are to want ye'er money in a hurry, or are ye not? I see be th' look iv ye'er face that ye are not. Ye have been a brave man; ye have had faith in th' future iv our counthry; ye have perceived that our financial institutions are sound if they are nawthin' else. Ye undherstand that it's upon th' self-resthraint iv men like th' likes iv ye that th' whole credit iv th' nation depinds. I read it in the pa-apers an' 'tis thrue. Besides, ye have no money in th' bank. Th' on'y way ye or me cud rightly exthricate anny money fr'm a bank wud be be means iv a brace an' bit.

"No matther. 'Tis you that has done it. I give great credit to George B. Cortilyoo, J. Pierpont Morgan, Lord Rothschild, Jawn

D. Rockyfellar, th' banks iv Ameriky, th' clearing house comity, th' clearing out comity, an' all th' brave an' gallant fellows that have stood firmly with their backs to th' wall an' declared that anny money taken out iv their institutions wud be taken over their dead bodies. They have behaved as American gintlemen shud behave whin foorce iv circumstances compels thim to behave that way. But if, in this tur-rible imergency I am obliged to tell th' truth, I've got to confess to ye that th' thanks iv th' nation, a little bit late, but very corjal, are due to th' boys that niver had a cent in th' banks, an' niver will have. They have disturbed none iv our institutions. No great leader iv fi-nance has turned green to see wan iv thim thryin' to do th' leap f'r life through a closed payin' teller's window. Th' fellow that with wan whack iv a hammer can convart a steer into an autymobill or can mannyfacther a pearl necklace out iv two dollars' worth iv wurruk on a slag pile, has throubled no wan. Ye're th' boy in this imergency, Hinnissy.

"Th' other mornin' I was readin' th' pa-apers about th' panic in Wall Sthreet an' though I've niver seen annything all me life but wan continyal panic I felt low in me mind ontil I looked up an' see ye go by with ye'er shovel on ye'er shouldher an' me heart leaped up. I wanted to rush to th' tillygraft office and wire me frind J. Pierpont Morgan: 'Don't be downcast. It's all right. I just see Hinnissy go by with his shovel.'

"No, sir, ye can bet it ain't th' people that have no money that causes panics. Panics are th' result iv too manny people havin' money. Th' top iv good times is hard times and th' bottom iv hard times is good times. Whin I see wan man with a shovel on his shouldher dodgin' eight thousand autymobills I begin to think 'tis time to put me money in me boot.

"'Tis hard f'r me to undherstand what's goin' on," said Mr. Hennessy. "What does it all mean?"

"'Tis something ye wudden't be ixpected to know," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis what is

known as credit. I'll explain it to ye. F'r the sake iv argymint we'll say ye're a shoemaker. Oh, 'tis on'y f'r th' sake iv argymint. Iverywan knows that a burly fellow like you wudden't be at anny employmint as light an' effiminate as makin' shoes. But supposin' f'r th' sake iv argymint ye're a shoemaker. Ye get two dollars a day f'r makin' forty dollars' worth iv shoes. Ye take part of ye'er ill-gotten gains an' leave it with me f'r dhrink. Afther awhile, I take th' money over to th' shoe store an' buy wan iv th' pairs iv shoes ye made. Th' fellow at th' shoe store puts th' money in a bank owned be ye'er boss. Ye'er boss sees ye're dhrinkin' a good deal an' be th' look iv things th' distillery business ought to improve. So he lends th' money to a distiller. Wan day th' banker obsarves that ye've taken th' pledge, an' havin' fears f'r th' distilling business, he gets his money back. I owe th' distiller money an' he comes to me. I have paid out me money f'r th' shoes an' th' shoe-store man has put it in th' bank. He goes over to th'

bank to get it out an' has his fingers cut off in a window. An' there ye are. That's credit.

"I niver knew befure how little it depinded on. There's Grogan th' banker. He's a great man. Look at his bank. It looks as though an earthquake wudden't flutter it. It's a cross between an armory an' a jail. It frowns down upon th' sthreet. An' Grogan. He looks as solid as though th' columns iv th' building was quarried out iv him. See him with his goold watch chain clankin' again th' pearl buttons iv his vest. He niver give me much more thin a nod out iv th' north-east corner iv his left eyebrow, but he was always very kind an' polite to Mulligan, th' little tailor. Except that I thought he had a feelin' iv respect f'r me an' none at all f'r Mulligan. Th' other mornin' I see him standin' on a corner near th' bank as Mulligan dashed by with a copy iv his fav'rite journal in wan hand an' a pass book in th' other. 'That man is a coward,' says Mulligan. 'Tis th' likes iv him that desthroys public confidence,' says he. 'He must 've been brave at

wan peeryod iv his life,' says I. 'Whin was that?' says he. 'Whin he put th' money in,' says I. 'It's th' likes iv him that makes panics,' says he. 'It's th' likes iv both iv ye,' says I. 'I niver see such team wurruk,' says I. 'That bank is a perfectly solvint institution,' says he. 'It's as sthrong as th' rock of Gibyraltar. I'm goin' over now to close it up,' says he. An' he wint.

"Well, glory be, 'tis no use botherin' our heads about it. Panics an' circuses, as Father Kelly says, are f'r th' amusement iv th' poor. An' a time iv this kind is fine f'r ivrybody who hasn't too much. A little while ago ye niver r-read in th' pa-aper annything about th' fellow that had his money in th' bank anny more thin ye'd read about th' spectators at a prize fight. 'Twas all what th' joynts iv fi-nance were doin'. 'Who's that man with th' plug hat just comin' out iv th' gamblin' joint?' 'That's th' prisidint iv th' Eighth Rational.' 'An' who's that shakin' dice at th' bar?' 'That's th' head iv our greatest thrust comp'ny.' An' so it wint.

"To-day I read in th' pa-apers an appeal to th' good sense iv Mulligan, th' tailor. It didn't mintion his name, but it might just as well. 'Twas th' same as sayin': 'Now, look here, Mulligan, me brave fellow. 'Tis up to you to settle this whole matther. It's got beyond us and we rely on ye not to dump us. We lost our heads but a man iv ye'er carackter can't afford to do annything rash or onthinkin' like a lot iv excitable fi-nanceers. Ye must get undher th' situation at wanst. We appeal to th' good common sense th' pathritism, th' honor, th' manly courage an' th' ca-mness in th' face iv great danger iv Timothy Mulligan to pull us out iv th' hole. Regards to Mrs. Mulligan an' all th' little wans. Don't answer in person (signed) Jawn D. Rockyfellar.'

"An' iv coorse Mulligan'll do it. Mulligan caused th' throuble be havin' money in th' first place an' takin' it out in th' second place. Mulligan will settle it all be carryin' his money back to th' bank where money belongs.

"Don't get excited about it, Hinnissy, me boy. Cheer up. 'Twill be all right to-morrah, or th' next day, or some time. 'Tis wan good thing about this here wurruld, that nawthin' lasts long enough to hurt. I have been through manny a panic. I cud handle wan as well as Morgan. Panics cause thimsilves an' take care iv thimsilves. Who do I blame for this wan? Grogan blamed Rosenfelt yesterday; to-day he blames Mulligan; to-morrah he won't blame anny wan an' thin th' panic will be over. I blame no wan, an' I blame ivry wan. All I say to ye is, be brave, be ca'm an' go on shovellin'. So long as there's a Hinnissy in th' wurruld, an' he has a shovel, an' there's something f'r him to shovel, we'll be all right, or pretty near all right."

"Don't ye think Rosenfelt has shaken public confidence?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Shaken it," said Mr. Dooley; "I think he give it a good kick just as it jumped off th' roof."

OCEAN TRAVEL

"I SEE this here new steamboat has broke all records. It come acrost th' Atlantic Ocean in four days. Passengers that got aboord at Liverpool on Saturday were in New York Friday afthernoon."

"But that's more thin four days."

"Not be nautical time," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye mustn't figure it out th' way ye do on land. On land ye niver read that 'Th' Thunderbolt limited has broken all records be thravellin' fr'm New York (Harrisburg) to Chicago (Fort Wayne) in eight hours.' But with a steamboat 'tis different. Ye saw a lot iv time off ayether end an' what's left is th' v'yage. 'Th' Conyard line's gr-reat ocean greyhound or levithin iv th' seas has broken all records iv transatlantic passages except thim made be th' Germans. She has thravelled fr'm Liverpool (a rock so far off th' coast

iv Ireland that I niver see it) to New York (Sandy Hook lightship) in four or five days. Brittanya again rules th' waves.' So if ye've anny frinds inclined to boast about makin' a record ask thim did they swim aboord at Daunt's Rock an' swim off at th' lightship. If they didn't, refuse to take off ye'er hat to thim. To tell how long it takes to cross th' Atlantic compute th' elapsed time fr'm boordin' house to boordin' house. It's fr'm a week to ten days depindin' on th' time ye go to bed whin ye come home. Manny a man that come over on a five-day boat has had th' divvle iv a time explainin' to his wife what he did with th' other two days. No record iv thransatlantic thravel takes into account th' longest, roughest an' most dangerous part iv th' passage, which is through th' New York custom house.

"But 'tis wondherful annyhow. 'Tis wondherful that a man shud cross th' Atlantic ocean annyhow an' 'tis enough to make ye dizzy to think iv him crossin' it in an iron boat that looks like a row iv office buildings.

Th' grand times they must've had. Time was whin a man got on a boat an' was lost f'r a week or ten days. Now, be hivens, through th' wondhers iv modhern science he's hardly settled down to a cigar an' a game iv pinochle with another fugitive that he's just met, whin a messenger boy comes down th' deck on his bicycle an' hands him a tillygram with glad tidings fr'm home. Th' house is burned, th' sheriff has levied on his furniture or th' fam'ly are down with th' whoopin' cough. On th' other hand we know all about what they are doin' on boord th' levithin. Just as ye'er wife is thinkin' iv ye bein' wrecked on a desert island or floatin' on a raft an' signallin' with an undershirt she picks up th' pa-aper an' reads: 'Th' life iv th' ship is Malachi Hinnissy, a wealthy bachelor fr'm Pittsburg. His attintions to a widow from Omaha are most marked. They make a handsome couple.'

"Well, sir, they must 've had th' gloryus time on boord this new boat. In th' old days all ye knew about a ship was that she left

Liverpool and landed in New York afther a most disthressin' v'yage. Now ye r-read iv th' gay life aboord her fr'm day to day: 'Th' tie in th' billyard tournymint was played off last night. Th' resthrants are crowded nightly an' great throngs are seen in Main Sthreet undher th' brilliant illuminations. Th' public gardens are in full bloom an' are much frequented be childher rollin' hoops and sailin' boats in th' artificial lake. Th' autymobill speedway gives gr-reat satisfaction. Th' opening day iv th' steeplechase races was a success. Th' ilivator in th' left annex fell thirteen stories Thursday, but no wan was injured. Th' brokerage house iv Conem an' Comp'ny wint into th' hands iv a receiver to-day. Th' failure was due to th' refusal iv th' banks to lend anny more money on hat pools. Th' steeple iv th' Swedenborjan Church is undher repair. Th' *Daily Fog Horn* has put in three new color presses an' will begin printin' a colored supplement Sunday next.' An' so it goes. It ain't a boat at all. It's a city.

"At laste I thought it was but Hannigan that come over in it says it's a boat. 'Ye must've had a grand time,' says I, 'in this floatin' palace, atin' ye'er fill iv sumchuse food an' gazin' at th' beautifully jooled ladies,' says I. 'Ah,' says I, 'th' wondhers iv science that cud put together a conthrivance th' like iv that,' says I. 'It's a boat,' says he. 'That's th' best I can say about it,' says he. 'Did ye not glide noiselessly through th' wather?' says I? 'I did not,' says he. 'Divvle th' glide. We bumped along pretty fast an' th' injines made noises like injines an' th' ship creaked like anny ship.' 'An' wasn't th' food fine?' 'It depinded on th' weather. There was plenty iv it on good days, an' too much iv it on other days.' 'An' th' beautifully jooled ladies?' 'No wan knew whether th' ladies were beautifully jooled except th' lady that searched thim at th' custom house.

"'Don't ye make a mistake, Dooley,' says he. 'A boat's a boat. That's all it is. Annything ye can get at sea ye can get bet-

ther on land. A millyonaire is made as comfortable on an ocean liner as a longshoreman on earth an' ye can play that comparison all th' way down to th' steerage. Whin I read about this here floatin' palace I says to mesilf: "I'll add a little money and go acrost in oryental luxury." Whin I got aboord th' decks were crowded with happy people worryin' about their baggage an' wondherin' already whether th' inspector in New York wud get onto th' false bottom iv th' thrunks. I give th' old an' enfeebled English gintleman that carried me satchel a piece iv silver. He touched his cap to me an' says "Cue." "Cue" is th' English f'r "I thank ye kindly" in Irish. He carrid me bag downstairs in th' ship. We kept goin' down an' down till we touched bottom, thin we rambled through long lanes neatly decorated with steel girders till we come to a dent in th' keel. That was me boodoor. At laste part iv it was. There were two handsome berths in it an' I had th' top wan. Th' lower wan was already occypied be a gintleman that had started to feel

onaisy on th' way down f'm London an' was now prepared f'r th' worst. I left him to his grief an' wint up on th' roof iv th' ship.

"'It was a gay scene f'r th' boat had started. Long rows iv ladies were stretched on invalid chairs with shawls over thim, pretindin' to read an' takin' deep smells at little green bottles. Three or four hundherd men had begun to walk around th' ship with their hands folded behind thim. A poker game between four rale poker players an' a man that didn't know th' game but had sharp finger-nails was already started in th' smokin'-room. About that time I begun to have a quare sinsation. I haven't been able to find out yet what it was. I must ask Dock O'Leary. I wasn't sea-sick, mind ye. I'm a good sailor. But I had a funny feelin' in me forehead between me eyes. It wasn't a headache exactly but a kind iv a sthrange sinsation like I used to have whin I was a boy an' thried to look cross-eyed. I suppose it was th' strong light. I didn't have anny aversion to food. Not at all. But somehow I

didn't like th' smell iv food. It was disagreeable to me an' it seemed to make th' place in me head worse. Sivral times I wint to th' dinin'-room intindin' to jine th' jovyal comp'ny there but quit at th' dure. It was very sthrange. I don't know how to account f'r it. Very few people were sea-sick on th' v'yage, but sivral hundherd who were injyin' paddlin' a spoon in a cup iv beef tea on deck spoke iv havin' th' same sinsation. I didn't speak iv it to th' ship's doctor. I'd as lave carry me ailments to a harness maker as to a ship's doctor. But there it was, an' fr'm me pint iv view it was th' most important ivint iv th' passage.

"Next to that th' most excitin' thing was thryin' to find annybody that wud take money fr'm me. It's a tur-rble awkward thing to have to force money on an Englishman in a uniform like an admiral's an' talkin' with an accent that manny iv th' finest people on th' deck were thryin' to imitate, but I schooled mesilf to it. An' sthrange to say they niver refused. They were even betther

thin that. I was lavin' th' ship whin th' fellow that pulled th' plug out iv th' other man's bath f'r me touched me on th' shoulder. I turned an' see a frindly gleam in his eye that made me wondher if he had a knife. I give him what they call five bobs over there, which is wan dollar an' twinty cints iv our money. He touched his cap an' says "Cue." I was greatly moved. But it's done wan thing f'r me. It's made me competint f'r anny office connected with th' legal departmint iv a sthreet railway. Be hivens, I cud hand a piece iv change to a judge iv th' supreem coort. I hear th' Conyard line has passed a dividend. They ought to make a merger with th' head stoort,' says he.

"An' there ye ar-re. A boat's a boat aven whin it looks like a hotel. But it's wondherful annyhow. Whin ye come to think iv it 'tis wondherful that anny man cud cross th' Atlantic in annything. Th' Atlantic Ocean is a fine body iv wather, but it's a body iv wather just th' same. It wasn't intinded to be thravelled on. Ye cud put ye'er foot

through it annywhere. It's sloppy goin' at best. Th' on'y time a human being can float in it is afther he's dead. A man throws a horseshoe into it an' th' horseshoe sinks. This makes him cross an' he builds a boat iv th' same mateeryal as a millyon horseshoes, loads it up with machinery, pushes it out on th' billows an' goes larkin' acrost thim as aisy as ye plaze. If he didn't go over on a large steel skyscraper he'd take a dure off its hinges an' go on that.

"All ye have to do is to tell him there's land on th' other side iv th' ragin' flood an' he'll say: 'All right, I'll take a look at it.' Ye talk about th' majesty iv th' ocean but what about th' majesty iv this here little sixty-eight be eighteen inches bump iv self-reliance that treats it like th' dirt undher his feet? It's a wondher to me that th' ocean don't get tired iv growlin' an' roarin' at th' race iv men. They don't pay anny heed to it's hollering. Whin it behaves itsilf they praise it as though it was a good dog. 'How lovely our ocean looks undher our moon.'

Whin it rises in its wrath they show their contimpt f'r it be bein' sea-sick into it. But no matther how it behaves they niver quit usin' its face f'r a right iv way. They'll niver subjoo it but it niver bates thim. There niver was a time in th' history iv little man's sthruggle with th' vasty deep that he didn't deserve a decision on points."

"Well, it's all very well, but f'r me th' dhry land," said Mr. Hennessy. "Will ye iver cross th' ocean again?"

"Not," said Mr. Dooley, "till they asphalt it an' run th' boats on throlleys."

WORK

"Ye haven't sthruck yet, have ye?" said Mr. Dooley.

"Not yet," said Mr. Hennessy. "But th' dillygate was up at th' mills to-day an' we may be called out anny minyit now."

"Will ye go?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Ye bet I will," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye just bet I will. I stand firm be union principles an' besides it's hot as blazes up there these days. I wudden't mind havin' a few weeks off."

"Ye'll do right to quit," said Mr. Dooley. "I have no sympathy with sthrikers. I have no sympathy with thim anny more thin I have with people goin' off to a picnic. A sthrike is a wurrukin' man's vacation. If I had to be wan iv thim horny-handed sons iv toil, th' men that have made our counthry

what it is an' creates th' wealth iv th' wurruld —if I had to be wan iv thim pillars iv th' constitution, which thank Gawd I haven't, 'tis sthrikin' I'd be all th' time durin' th' heated term. I'd begin sthrikin' whin th' flowers begin to bloom in th' parks, an' I'd stay on sthrike till 'twas too cold to sit out on th' bleachers at th' baseball park. Ye bet I wud.

"I've noticed that nearly all sthrikes occur in th' summer time. Sthrikes come in th' summer time an' lockouts in th' winter. In th' summer whin th' soft breezes blows through shop an' facthry, fannin' th' cheeks iv th' artisan an' settin' fire to his whiskers, whin th' main guy is off at th' seashore bein' pinched f'r exceedin' th' speed limit, whin 'tis comfortable to sleep out at nights an' th' Sox have started a batting sthreak, th' son iv Marthy, as me frind Roodyard Kipling calls him, begins to think iv th' rights iv labor.

"Th' more he looks out iv th' window, th' more he thinks about his rights, an' wan warm day he heaves a couplin' pin at th' boss an' saunters away. Sthrikes are a great evil

f'r th' wurrukin' man, but so are picnics an' he acts th' same at both. There's th' same not gettin' up till ye want to, th' same meetin' ye'er frinds f'r th' first time in their good clothes an' th' same thumpin' sthrangers over th' head with a brick. Afther awhile th' main guy comes home fr'm th' seaside, raises wages twinty per cent, fires th' boss an' takes in th' walkin' dillygate as a specyal partner.

"But in winter, what Hogan calls another flower iv our industhreel system blooms. In th' winter it's warmer in th' foundhry thin in th' home. There is no hearth as ample in anny man's home as th' hearth th' Steel Comp'ny does its cookin' by. It is pleasant to see th' citizen afther th' rigors iv a night at home hurryin' to th' mills to toast his numbed limbs in th' warm glow iv th' Bessemer furnace. About this time th' main guy takes a look at the thermometer an' chases th' specyal partner out iv th' office with th' annual report iv th' Civic Featheration. He thin summons his hardy assocyates about him an' says he: 'Boys, I will no longer stand f'r

th' tyranny iv th' unions. Conditions has changed since last summer. It's grown much colder. I do not care f'r the money at stake, but there is a great principle involved. I cannot consint to have me business run be outsiders at a cost iv near thirty thousand dollars a year,' says he. An' there's a lockout.

"'Tis a matther iv th' seasons. So if ye sthrike ye'll not get me sympathy. I resarve that f'r me infeeryors. I'll keep me sympathy f'r th' poor fellow that has nobody to lure him away fr'm his toil an' that has to sweat through August with no chanst iv gettin' a day in th' open onless th' milishy are ordhered out an' thin whin he goes back to wurruk th' chances are somebody's got his job while th' sthrikin' wurrukin' man returns with his pockets full iv cigars an' is hugged at th' dure be the main guy. If I was rejooced to wurrukin' f'r me livin', if I was a son iv Marthy I'd be a bricklayer. They always sthrike durin' th' buildin' season. They time it just right. They niver quit

wurruk. They thry not to meet it. It is what Hogan calls a pecolyar fact that bricklayers always time their vacations f'r th' peeryod whin there is wurruk to be done.

"No, sir, don't ask me to weep over th' downthrodden wurrukin' man whin he's out on sthrike. Ye take these here tillygraft op'rators that have laid off wurruk f'r th' summer. Do they look as though they were sufferin'? Ye bet they don't. Th' tired tillygraft op'rator come home last week with a smile on his face. 'I have good news f'r ye, mother,' says he. 'Ye haven't sthruck?' says she, hope sthrugglin' with fear in her face. 'Ye've guessed it,' says he. 'We weren't exactly ordhered out. Th' signal f'r a sthrike was to be a series iv sharp whistles fr'm the walkin' dillygate, but, whin that didn't come an' we were tired iv waitin' th' report iv th' baseball game come over th' wires an' we mistook that f'r a signal. Ye must get the childher ready f'r a day in th' counthry. We can't tell how soon this sthruggle again th' greed iv capital will be

declared off an' we must make th' most iv it while it lasts,' says he.

"I know a tillygraft op'rator, wan iv thim knights iv th' key that has a fine job in a counthry deepo. All he has to do is to be up in time to flag number eight at six o'clock an' wait till number thirty-two goes through at midnight, keep thrains fr'm bumpin' into each other, turn switches, put up th' simaphore, clean th' lamps an' hand out time tables an' sell tickets. F'r these dissypations he dhraws down all th' way fr'm fifteen to twinty dollars a week. An' he wants to sthrike. An' th' pa-apers say if he does he'll tie up our impeeryal railroad systems. Think iv that. I never had much iv an opinyon iv him. All he iver done f'r me was to misspell me name. He's a little thin man that cudden't lift an eighth iv beer with both hands, but he's that important if he leaps his job we'll all have to walk.

"I've often thought I'd like to have th' walkin' dillygate iv th' Liquor Dealers' Binivolent Assocyation come around an' ordher

me to lay down me lemon squeezer an' bung starter an' walk out. But nawthin' iv th' kind iver happens an' if it did happen no wan wud care a sthraw. Th' whole wurruld shuddhers at th' thought that me frind Ike Simpson, the tillygraft op'rator, may take a day off: but me or Pierpont Morgan might quit f'r a year an' no wan wud care. Supposin' Rockyfellar an' Pierpont Morgan an' Jim Hill shud form a union, an' shud demand a raise iv a millyon dollars a year, reduction iv wurrukin' time fr'm two to wan hour ivry week, th' closed shop, two apprentices f'r each bank an' no wan allowed to make money onless he cud show a union card? Whin th' sthrike comity waited on us we'd hoist our feet on th' kitchen table, light a seegar, polish our bone collar button with th' sleeve iv our flannel shirt an' till thim to go to Bannagher.

"We'd say: 'Ye'er demands are onraisonable an' we will not submit. F'r years we have run th' shop almost at a loss. There are plenty iv men to take ye'er places. They may

not be as efficient at first but they'll soon larn. Ye'er demands are refused an' ye can bang th' dure afther ye.' A fine chanct a millyonaire wud have thryin' to persuade ye be peaceful means fr'm takin' his job. Think iv him on th' dead line thryin' to coax ye not to go in but to stand by him as he would sit on ye if you were in th' same position. Wud ye or wud ye not lave ye'er coat in his hands as ye plunged in th' bank? They'd have to resort to vilence. Th' stock exchange wud go out in sympathy. Th' milishy wud be called out an' afther awhile th' financeers wud come back with their hats in their hands an' find their old places took be other men.

"No, sir, a sthrike iv financeers wudden't worry anny wan. 'Tis a sthrange thing whin we come to think iv it that th' less money a man gets f'r his wurruk, th' more nicissry it is to th' wurruld that he shud go on wurrukin'. Ye'er boss can go to Paris on a combination wedding an' divoorce thrip an' no wan bothers his head about him. But if ye shud go to Paris—excuse me f'r laughin' mesilf black in

th' face—th' industhrees iv the counthry pines away.

"An' th' higher up a man regards his wurruk, th' less it amounts to. We cud manage to scrape along without electhrical injineers but we'd have a divvle iv a time without scavengers. Ye look down on th' fellow that dhrives th' dump cart, but if it wasn't f'r him ye'd niver be able to pursoo ye'er honorable mechanical profissyon iv pushin' th' barrow. Whin Andhrew Carnagie quit, ye wint on wurrukin'; if ye quit wurruk, he'll have to come back. P'raps that's th' reason th' wurrukin' man don't get more iv thim little pictures iv a buffalo in his pay envelope iv a Saturdah night. If he got more money he wud do less wurruk. He has to be kept in thrainin'.

"Th' way to make a man useful to th' wurruld is to give him a little money an' a lot iv wurruk. An' 'tis th' on'y way to make him happy, too. I don't mean coarse, mateeryal happiness like private yachts an' autymobills an' rich food an' other corrodin'

pleasures. I mean something entirely dif-f'rent. I don't know what I mean but I see in th' pa-apers th' other day that th' on'y road to happiness was hard wurruk. 'Tis a good theery. Some day I'm goin' to hire a hall an' preach it in Newport. I wudden't mintion it in Ar-rchy Road where wurruk abounds. I don't want to be run in f'r in-citin' a riot.

"This pa-aper says th' farmer niver sthrikes. He hasn't got th' time to. He's too happy. A farmer is contínted with his ten-acre lot. There's nawthin' to take his mind off his wurruk. He sleeps at night with his nose against th' shingled roof iv his little frame home an' dhreams iv cinch bugs. While th' stars are still alight he walks in his sleep to wake th' cow that left th' call f'r four o'clock. Thin it's ho! f'r feedin' th' pigs an' mendin' th' reaper. Th' sun arises as usual in th' east an' bein' a keen student iv nature, he picks a cabbage leaf to put in his hat. Breakfast follows, a gay meal beginnin' at nine an' endin' at nine-three. Thin it's off

f'r th' fields where all day he sets on a bicycle seat an' reaps the bearded grain an' th' Hessian fly, with nawthin' but his own thoughts an' a couple iv horses to commune with. An' so he goes an' he's happy th' livelong day if ye don't get in ear-shot iv him. In winter he is employed keepin' th' cattle fr'm sufferin' his own fate an' writin' testymonyals iv dyspepsia cures. 'Tis sthrange I niver heerd a farmer whistle except on Sunday.

"No, sir, ye can't tell me that a good deal iv wurruk is good f'r anny man. A little wurruk is not bad, a little wurruk f'r th' stomach's sake an' to make ye sleep sound, a kind of nightcap, d'ye mind. But a gr-reat deal iv wurruk, especially in th' summer time, will hurt anny man that indulges in it. So, though I don't sympathize with sthrikers, I congratulate thim. Sthrike, says I, while the iron is hot an' ye'er most needed to pound it into a horseshoe. An' especially wud I advise ivrybody to sthrike whin th' weather is hot."

DRUGS

"WHAT ails ye?" asked Mr. Dooley of Mr. Hennessy, who looked dejected.

"I'm a sick man," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Since th' picnic?"

"Now that I come to think iv it, it did begin th' day afther th' picnic," said Mr. Hennessy. "I've been to see Dock O'Leary. He give me this an' these here pills an' some powdhers besides. An' d'ye know, though I haven't taken anny iv thim yet, I feel betther already."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis a grand thing to be a doctor. A man that's a doctor don't have to buy anny funny papers to enjye life. Th' likes iv ye goes to a picnic an' has a pleasant, peaceful day in th' counthry dancin' breakdowns an' kickin' a football in th' sun an' ivry fifteen minyits or so washin'

down a couple of dill-pickles with a bottle of white pop. Th' next day ye get what's comin' to ye in th' right place an' bein' a sthrong, hearty man that cudden't be kilt be annything less thin a safe fallin' on ye fr'm a twenty-story buildin', ye know ye ar-re goin' to die. Th' good woman advises a mustard plasther but ye scorn th' suggestion. What good wud a mustard plasther be again this fatal epidemic that is ragin' inside iv ye? Besides a mustard plasther wud hurt. So th' good woman, frivilous crather that she is, goes back to her wurruk singin' a light chune. She knows she's goin' to have to put up with ye f'r some time to come. A mustard plasther, Hinnissy, is th' rale test iv whether a pain is goin' to kill ye or not. If the plasther is onbearable ye can bet th' pain undherneath it is not.

"But ye know ye are goin' to die an' ye're not sure whether ye'll send f'r Father Kelly or th' doctor. Ye finally decide to save up Father Kelly f'r th' last an' ye sind f'r th' Dock. Havin' rescued ye fr'm th' jaws iv

death two or three times befure whin ye had a sick headache th' Dock takes his time about comin', but just as ye are beginnin' to throw ye'er boots at th' clock an' show other signs iv what he calls rigem mortar, he rides up in his fine horse an' buggy. He gets out slowly, one foot at a time, hitches his horse an' ties a nose bag on his head. Thin he chats f'r two hundherd years with th' polisman on th' beat. He tells him a good story an' they laugh harshly.

"Whin th' polisman goes his way th' Dock meets th' good woman at th' dure an' they exchange a few wurruds about th' weather, th' bad condition iv th' sthreets, th' health iv Mary Ann since she had th' croup an' ye'ersilf. Ye catch th' wurruds, 'Grape Pie,' 'Canned Salmon,' 'Cast-iron digestion.' Still he doesn't come up. He tells a few stories to th' childher. He weighs th' youngest in his hands an' says: 'That's a fine boy ye have, Mrs. Hinnissy. I make no doubt he'll grow up to be a polisman.' He examines th' phottygraft album an' asks if that isn't so-

an'-so. An' all this time ye lay writhin' in mortal agony an' sayin' to ye'ersilf: 'Inhuman monsther, to lave me perish here while he chats with a callous woman that I haven't said annything but "What?" to f'r twinty years.'

"Ye begin to think there's a conspiracy against ye to get ye'er money befure he saunters into th' room an' says in a gay tone: 'Well, what d'ye mane be tyin' up wan iv th' gr-reat industhrees iv our nation be stayin' away fr'm wurruk f'r a day?' 'Dock,' says ye in a feeble voice, 'I have a tur'ble pain in me abdumdum. It reaches fr'm here to here,' makin' a rough sketch iv th' burned disthrict undher th' blanket. 'I felt it comin' on last night but I didn't say annything f'r fear iv alarmin' me wife, so I simply groaned,' says ye.

"While ye ar-re describin' ye'er pangs, he walks around th' room lookin' at th' pictures. Afther ye've got through he comes over an says: 'Lave me look at ye'er tongue. 'Hum,' he says, holdin' ye'er wrist an' bowin' through

th' window to a frind iv his on a sthreet car. 'Does that hurt?' he says, stabbin' ye with his thumbs in th' suburbs iv th' pain. 'Ye know it does,' says ye with a groan. 'Don't do that again. Ye scratched me.' He hurls ye'er wrist back at ye an' stands at th' window lookin' out at th' firemen acrost th' sthreet playin' dominoes. He says nawthin' to ye an' ye feel like th' prisoner while th' foreman iv th' jury is fumblin' in his inside pocket f'r th' verdict. Ye can stand it no longer. 'Dock,' says he, 'is it annything fatal? I'm not fit to die but tell me th' worst an' I will thry to bear it. 'Well,' says he, 'ye have a slight interioritis iv th' semi-colon. But this purscription ought to fix ye up all right. Ye'd betther take it over to th' dhrug sthore an' have it filled ye'ersilf. In th' manetime I'd advise ye to be careful iv ye'er dite. I wudden't ate annything with glass or a large percintage iv plasther iv Paris in it.' An' he goes away to write his bill.

"I wondher why ye can always read a

doctor's bill an' ye niver can read his purscription. F'r all ye know, it may be a short note to th' dhruggist askin' him to hit ye on th' head with a pestle. An' it's a good thing ye can't read it. If ye cud, ye'd say: 'I'll not cash this in at no dhrug store. I'll go over to Dooley's an' get th' rale thing.' So, afther thryin' to decipher this here corner iv a dhress patthern, ye climb into ye'er clothes f'r what may be ye'er last walk up Ar-rchy Road. As ye go along ye begin to think that maybe th' Dock knows ye have th' Asiatic cholery an' was onl'y thryin' to jolly ye with his manner iv dealin' with ye. As ye get near th' dhrug store ye feel sure iv it, an' 'tis with th' air iv a man without hope that ye hand th' paper to a young pharmycist who is mixin' a two-cent stamp f'r a lady customer. He hands it over to a scientist who is compoundin' an ice-cream soda f'r a child, with th' remark: 'O'Leary's writin' is gettin' worse an' worse. I can't make this out at all.' 'Oh,' says th' chemist, layin' down his spoon, 'that's his old cure f'r th' bellyache. Ye'll find a bucket

iv it in th' back room next to th' coal scuttle.'

"It's a gr-reat medicine he give ye. It will do ye good no matther what ye do with it. I wud first thry poorin' some iv it in me hair. If that don't help ye see how far ye can throw th' bottle into th' river. Ye feel betther already. Ye ought to write to th' medical journals about th' case. It is a remarkable cure. 'M—— H—— was stricken with excruciating tortures in th' gastric regions followin' an unusually severe outing in th' counthry. F'r a time it looked as though it might be niciss'ry to saw out th' infected area, but as this wud lave an ugly space between legs an' chin, it was determined to apply Jam. Gin. ℥ VIII. Th' remedy acted instantly. Afther carryin' th' bottle uncorked f'r five minyits in his inside pocket th' patient showed signs iv recovery an' is now again in his accustomed health.'

"Yes, sir, if I was a doctor I'd be ayether laughin' or cryin' all th' time. I'd be laughin' over th' cases that I was called into whin I

wasn't needed an' cryin' over th' cases where I cud do no good. An' that wud be most iv me cases.

"Dock O'Leary comes in here often an' talks medicine to me. 'Ye'ers is a very thrying pro-fissyon,' says I. 'It is,' says he. 'I'm tired out,' says he. 'Have ye had a good manny desprit cases to-day?' says I. 'It isn't that,' says he, 'but I'm not a very muscular man,' he says, 'an' some iv th' windows in these old frame houses are hard to open,' he says. Th' Dock don't believe much in dhrugs. He says that if he wasn't afraid iv losin' his practice he wudn't give annybody annything but quinine an' he isn't sure about that. He says th' more he practises medicine th' more he becomes a janitor with a knowledge iv cookin'. He says if people wud on'y call him in befure they got sick, he'd abolish ivry disease in th' ward except old age an' pollyticks. He says he's lookin' forward to th' day whin th' tillyphone will ring an' he'll hear a voice sayin': 'Hurry up over to Hinnissy's. He niver felt so well in his life.'

'All right, I'll be over as soon as I can hitch up th' horse. Take him away fr'm th' supper table at wanst, give him a pipeful iv tobacco an' walk him three times around th' block.'

"But whin a man's sick, he's sick an' nawthin' will cure him or annything will. In th' old days befure ye an' I were born, th' doctor was th' barber too. He'd shave ye, cut ye'er hair, dye ye'er mustache, give ye a dhry shampoo an' cure ye iv appindicitis while ye were havin' ye'er shoes shined be th' naygur. Ivry gineration iv doctors has had their favrite remedies. Wanst people were cured iv fatal maladies be applications iv blind puppies, hair fr'm the skulls iv dead men an' solutions iv bat's wings, just as now they're cured be dhrinkin' a tayspoonful iv a very ordhinary article iv booze that's had some kind iv a pizenous weed dissolved in it.

"Dhrugs, says Dock O'Leary, are a little iv a pizen that a little more iv wud kill ye. He says that if ye look up anny poplar dhrug in th' ditchnry ye'll see that it is 'A very powerful pizen of great use in medicine.' I took

calomel at his hands f'r manny years till he told me that it was about the same thing they put into Rough on Rats. Thin I stopped. If I've got to die, I want to die on th' premises.

"But, as he tells me, ye can't stop people from takin' dhrugs an' ye might as well give thim something that will look important enough to be inthrojuced to their important an' fatal cold in th' head. If ye don't, they'll leap f'r the patent medicines. Mind ye, I haven't got annything to say again patent medicines. If a man wud rather take thim thin dhrink at a bar or go down to Hop Lung's f'r a long dhraw, he's within his rights. Manny a man have I known who was a victim iv th' tortures iv a cigareet cough who is now livin' comfortable an' happy as an opeem fiend be takin' Doctor Wheezo's Consumption Cure. I knew a fellow wanst who suffered fr'm spring fever to that extent that he niver did a day's wurruk. To-day, afther dhrinkin' a bottle of Gazooma, he will go home not on'y with th' strenth but th' desire to beat his wife. There is a dhrug store on ivry

corner an' they're goin' to dhrive out th' saloons onless th' govermint will let us honest merchants put a little cocaine or chloral in our cough-drops an' advertise that it will cure spinal minigitis. An' it will, too, f'r awhile."

"Don't ye iver take dhrugs?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Niver whin I'm well," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I'm sick, I'm so sick I'd take annything."

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP

"HOGAN was in here just now," said Mr. Dooley, "an' he tells me he was talkin' with th' Alderman an' they both agreed we're sure to have war with th' Japs inside iv two years. They can see it comin'. Befure very long thim little brown hands acrost th' sea will hand us a crack in th' eye an' thin ye'll see throuble."

"What's it all about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Divvle a thing can I make out iv it," said Mr. Dooley. "Hogan says we've got to fight f'r th' supreemacy iv th' Passyfic. Much fightin' I'd do f'r an ocean, but havin' taken th' Philippeens, which ar-re a blamed nuisance, an th' Sandwich Islands, that're about as vallyable as a toy balloon to a horseshoer, we've got to grab a lot iv th' surround-

in' dampness to protect thim. That's wan reason why we're sure to have war. Another reason is that th' Japs want to sind their little forty-five-year-old childher to be iddycated in th' San Francisco public schools. A third reason why it looks like war to Hogan an' th' Alderman is that they'd been dhrinkin' together.

"Wud ye iver have thought 'twas possible that anny wan in this counthry cud even talk iv war with thim delightful, cunning little Oryentals? Why, 'tis less thin two years since Hogan was comin' home fr'm th' bankit iv th' Union iv Usurers with his arms around th' top iv a Jap's head while th' Jap clutched Hogan affectionately about th' waist an' they sung 'Gawd Save th' Mickydoo.' D'ye raymimber how we hollered with joy whin a Rooshyan Admiral put his foot through th' bottom iv a man-iv-war an' sunk it. An' how we cheered in th' theaytre to see th' cute little sojers iv th' Mickydoo mowin' down th' brutal Rooshyan moojiks with masheen guns. An' fin'lly,

whin th' Japs had gone a thousand miles into Rooshyan territory an' were about busted an' ayether had to stop fightin' or not have car fare home, our worthy Prisident, ye know who I mean, jumped to th' front an' cried: 'Boys, stop it. It's gone far enough to satisfy th' both iv ye.' An th' angel iv peace brooded over th' earth an' crowed lustily.

"Day after day th' pa-apers come out an' declared, in th' column next to th' half-page ad iv th' Koppenheimer bargain sale, that th' defeat iv Rooshya was a judgment iv th' Lord on th' Czar. If ye saw a Jap annywhere, ye asked him to take a dhrink.

"Hogan talked about nawthin' else. They were a wondherful little people. How they had diviloped! Nawthin' in th' histhry iv th' wurruld was akel to th' way they'd come up. They cud shoot straighter an' oftener thin anny other nation. A Jap cud march three hundred miles a day f'r eight days with nawthin' to eat. They were highly civvylized. It was an old civvy-

lization but not tainted be age. Millyons iv years befure th' first white man set fut in Milwaukee th' Japs undhershtud th' mannyfacther iv patent wringers, sewin'-masheens, reapers, tillyphones, autymobills, ice-cream freezers, an' all th' other wondhers iv our boasted Westhren divilopement.

"Their customs showed how highly they'd been civvylized. Whin a Jap soldier was defeated, rather thin surrendher an' be sint home to have his head cut off, he wud stab himself in th' stummick. Their treatment iv women put thim on a higher plane thin ours. Cinchries ago befure th' higher iddycation iv women was dhreamed iv in this counthry, th' poorest man in Japan cud sind his daughter to a tea-house, which is th' same as our female siminaries, where she remained till she gradyated as th' wife iv some proud noble iv th' old Samuri push.

"Their art had ours thrimmed to a frazzle. Th' Jap artist O'Casey's pitcher iv a lady leanin' on a river while a cow walked up her

back, was th' loveliest thing in th' wurruld. They were th' gr-reatest athletes iver known. A Japanese child with rickets cud throw Johnson over a church. They had a secret iv rasslin' be which a Jap rassler cud blow on his opponent's eyeball an' break his ankle. They were th' finest soordsmen that iver'd been seen. Whin a Japanese soordsman wint into a combat he made such faces that his opponent dhropped his soord an' thin he uttered a bloodcurdlin' cry, waved his soord four hundhred an' fifty times over th' head iv th' victim or in th' case iv a Samuri eight hundred an' ninety-six, give a whoop resimblin' our English wurrud 'tag,' an' clove him to th' feet. As with us, on'y th' lower classes engaged in business. Th' old arrystocracy distained to thrade but started banks an' got all th' money. Th' poor man had a splendid chance. He cud devote his life to paintin' wan rib iv a fan, f'r which he got two dollars, or he cud become a cab horse. An' even in th' wan branch iv art that Westhren civvylization is supposed to

excel in, they had us beat miles. They were th' gr-reatest liars in th' wurruld an' formerly friends iv th' Prisidint.

"All these here things I heerd fr'm Hogan an' see in th' pa-apers. I invied this wondherful nation. I wisht, sometimes, th' Lord hadn't given me two blue an' sometimes red eyes an' this alkiline nose, but a nose like an ear an' a couple iv shoe-buttons f'r eyes. I wanted to be a Jap an' belong to th' higher civvylization. Hogan had a Jap frind that used to come in here with him. Hogan thought he was a Prince, but he was a cook an' a student in a theelogical siminry. They'd talk be th' hour about th' beauties iv what Hogan called th' Flowery Kingdom. 'Oh, wondherful land,' says Hogan. 'Land iv chrysanthymums an' cherry blossoms an' gasyhee girls,' says he. 'Japan is a beautiful land,' says Prince Okoko. 'Nippon, (that's th' name it goes by at home,) Nippon, I salute ye,' says Hogan. 'May victhry perch upon ye'er banners, an' may ye hammer our old frinds an' allies

fr'm Mookden to Moscow. Banzai,' says he. An' they embraced. That night, in ordher to help on th' cause, Hogan bought a blue flower-pot fr'm th' Prince's collection f'r eighteen dollars. He took it home undher his ar-rm in th' rain an' th' next mornin' most iv th' flower-pot was on his new overcoat an' th' rest was meltin' all over th' flure.

"That was the beginnin' iv th' end iv th' frindship between th' two gr-reat nations that owe thimselves so much. About th' time Hogan got th' flower-pot, th' fire-sale ads an' th' Rooshyan outrage news both stopped in th' newspa-apers. A well-known fi-nanceer who thravelled to Tokeeo with a letter iv inthraduction to th' Mickydoo fr'm th' Prisidint beginnin' 'Dear mick,' got a brick put through his hat as he wint to visit th' foorth assistant to th' manicure iv th' eighth assistant to th' plumber iv th' bricklayer iv th' Mickydoo, which is th' nearest to his Majesty that foreign eyes ar-re permitted to look upon. A little later a number iv Americans in private life who wint over to ray-

ceive in person th' thanks iv th' Impror f'r what they'd done f'r him talkin' ar-round th' bar at th' Union League Club, were foorced be th' warmth iv their rayciption to take refuge in th' house iv th' Rooshyan counsel. Th' next month some iv th' subjects iv our life-long frind an' ally were shot while hookin' seals fr'm our side iv th' Passyfic. Next week a prom'nent Jap'nese statesman was discovered payin' a socyal visit to th' Ph'lippeens. He had with him at th' time two cameras, a couple iv line men, surveyin' tools, a thousand feet iv tape line, an' a bag iv dinnymite bombs. Last month th' Jap'nese Governmint wrote to th' Prisidint: 'Most gracious an' bewilderin' Majesty, Impror iv th' Sun, austere an' patient Father iv th' Stars, it has come to our benign attintion that in wan iv ye'er populous domains our little prattlin' childher who ar-re over forty years iv age ar-re not admitted to th' first reader classes in th' public schools. Oh, brother beloved, we adore ye. Had ye not butted in with ye'er hivenly

binivolence we wud've shook Rooshya down f'r much iv her hateful money. Now we must prove our affection with acts. It is our intintion to sind a fleet to visit ye'er shores, partickly San Francisco, where we undherstand th' school system is well worth studyin'.'

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Th' frindship ceminted two years ago with blood an' beers is busted. I don't know whether annything will happen. Hogan thinks so, but I ain't sure. Th' Prisidint has announced that rather thin see wan octoginaryan Jap prevented fr'm larnin' his a-bee-abs he will divastate San Francisco with fire, flood, dinnymite, an' personalities. But San Francisco has had a pretty good bump lately an' wud hardly tur-rn over in its sleep f'r an invasion. Out there they're beginnin' to talk about what nice people th' Chinese ar-re compared with our old frinds an' allies. They say that th' Jap'nese grow up too fast f'r their childher, an' that 'tis no pleasant sight to see a Jap'nese pupil combin' a set iv gray whiskers an'

larnin', 'Mary had a little lamb,' and if th' Prisidint wants thim to enther th' schools he'll have to load thim in a cannon an' shoot thim in.

"We'd bate thim in a fight," said Mr. Hennessy. "They cudden't stand up befure a gr-reat, sthrong nation like ours."

"We think we're gr-reat an' sthrong," said Mr. Dooley. "But maybe we on'y look fat to thim. Annyhow, we might roll on thim. Wudden't it be th' grand thing, though, if they licked us an' we signed a threaty iv peace with thim an' with tears iv humilyation in our eyes handed thim th' Ph'lippeens!"

THE ARMY CANTEEN

"I SEEN big Doherty runnin' in a sojer to-day an' 'twas a fine sight. Th' sojer was fr'm th' County Kerry an' had a thrip an' Doherty is th' champeen catch-as-catch-can rassler iv Camp Twinty-eight. He had a little th' worst iv it, f'r he cud on'y get a neck holt, th' warryor havin' no slack to his pants, but he landed him at last. 'Twas gr-reat to see thim doin' a cart-wheel down th' sthreet."

"Was th' sojer under th' influonce?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye might say he was," said Mr. Dooley. "That is, ye might say so if ye didn't know that th' dhrinkin' habits iv' th' army have been rayformed. Didn't ye know they were? They ar-re. Yes, sir. Th' motto iv our brave fellows is now 'Away, away, th'

bowl.' 'Tis 'Wine f'r th' thremblin' debauchee, but water, pure water, f'r me.' 'Tis 'Father, dear father, come home with me now.' An' who did it? Who is it that improves men an' makes thim more ladylike, an' thin quits thim, but th' ladies? This here reform was carried out be th' Young Ladies' Christyan Tim'prance Union, no less. Ye see, 'twas this way. F'r manny years it's been th' theery that dhrink an' fightin' wint arm-in-arm. If ye dhrank ye fought; if ye fought ye drank to fight again. As Hogan says, Mars, who was th' gawd iv war, was no good onless he was pushed into throuble be Backis, the gawd iv dhrink. About th' time Mars was r-ready to quit an' go home to do th' Spring plowin', Backis handed him a jigger iv kerosene an' says: 'That fellow over there is leerin' at ye. Ar-re ye goin' to stand that?' an' Mars bustled in. Th' barkeeper an' th' banker ar-re behind ivry war.

"Well, in former times th' Governmint kept a saloon f'r th' sojers. Up at Fort

Shurdan they had a ginmill where th' warryors cud go an' besot thimsilves with bottled beer an' dominoes. It was a sad sight to see thim grim heroes, survivors iv a thousand marches through th' damp sthreets on Decoration Day, settin' in these temples iv hell an' swillin' down th' hated cochineel that has made Milwaukee what it is. To this palace iv vice th' inthrepid definder iv his Nation's honor hastened whin he had completed th' arjoos round iv his jooties, after he had pressed th' Lootinant's clothes, curried th' Captain's horse, mended th' roof iv th' Major's house, watered th' geeranyums f'r th' Colonel's wife, an' written his daily letter to th' paper complainin' about th' food. There he sat an' dhrank an' fought over his old battles with th' cook an' recalled th' name that he give whin he first enlisted an' thried to think who it was he married in Fort Leavenworth, ontil th' bugle summoned him to th' awful carnage called supper.

"Well, sir, 'twas dhreadful. We opposed it as much as we cud. As a dillygate to th'

Binivolent Assocyation iv Saloon Keepers iv America I've helped to pass manny resolutions to save our brave boys in yellow fr'm th' insidyous foe that robs thim iv what intellicts they show be goin' into the army. Our organ-ization petitioned Congress time an' time again to take th' Governmint out iv this vile poorsoot that was sappin' th' very vitals iv our sojery. Why, we asked, shud Uncle Sam engage in this thraffic in th' souls iv men without payin' f'r a license, whin dacint citizens were puttin' up their good money a block away an' niver a soul comin' down fr'm th' fort to be thrafficked in? Did Congress pay anny attintion to us? It did not.

"But wan day a comity iv ladies fr'm th' Young Ladies' Christyan Timp'rance Union wint out to th' fort. They'd seen th' Colonel at th' last p'rade an' they'd decided that 'twas high time they disthributed copies iv 'Death in th' Bottle; or, Th' Booze-Fighter's Finish,' among our sojery. Whin they got up there they seen a large bunch iv our gal-

lant fellows makin' a dash f'r an outlyin' building, an' says wan iv thim: 'What can they be in such a hurry f'r? That must be th' chapel. Let us go in.' An' in they wint.

"Hinnissy, th' sight that met their young an' unaccustomed eyes was enough to shock even a lady lookin' f'r throuble. Th' air was gray an' blue with th' fumes iv that heejous weed that has made mankind happy though single f'r four hundred years, an' that next to alcohol is th' greatest curse iv th' sons iv Adam. Some iv th' wretches were playin' cards, properly called th' Divvle's bible; others were indulgin' in music, that lure iv th' Evil Wan f'r idleness, while still others were intint on th' furyous game iv dominoes, whose feet take hold on hell. But worse, still worse, they saw through their girlish spectacles dimmed with unbidden tears. F'r in front iv each iv these war-battered vethrans shtud a bottle, in some cases har'ly half filled with a brownish-yellow flood with bubbles on top iv it. What was it, says ye? Hardened as I am to

dhrink iv ivry kind, I hesitate to mention th' wurrud. But concealment is useless. 'Twas beer. These brave men, employed be th' taxpayer iv America to defind th' hearths iv th' tax-dodger iv America, supposed be all iv us to have consicrated their lives to upholdin' th' flag, were at heart votaries, as Hogan says, iv Aloes, gawd iv beer.

"F'r a moment th' ladies shtud dumfounded. But they did not remain long in this unladylike attichood. Th' Chairwoman iv th' dillygation recovered her voice an', advancin' to'rd a Sergeant who was thryin' to skin a pair iv fours down so that it wud look like a jack full to his ineebryated opponent, she said: 'Me brave man, d'ye ralize that that bottle is full iv th' Seed iv Desthruction?' she says. 'I think ye'er wrong, mum,' says he. 'It's Pilsener,' he says. 'Soon or late,' she says, 'th' Demon Rum will desthroy ye,' she says. 'Not me,' says th' vethran iv a thousand enlistments. 'I don't care f'r rum. A pleasant companyon, but a gossip. It tells on ye. Th' Demon Rum

with a little iv th' Demon Hot Water an' th' Demon Sugar is very enticin,' but it has a perfume to it that is dangerous to a married man like mesilf. Rum, madam, is an informer. Don't niver take it. I agree with ye that it's a demon,' says he. 'Why,' says she, 'do ye drink this dhreadful poison?' says she. 'Because,' says th' brave fellow, 'I can't get annything sthronger without desertin,' he says.

"An' they wint down to Washington to see th' Congressmen. Ye know what a Congressman is. I've made a few right here in this barroom. Th' on'y thing a Congressman isn't afraid iv is th' on'y thing I'd be afraid iv, an' that is iv bein' a Congressman. An' th' thing he's most afraid iv is th' ladies. A comity iv ladies wud make Congress repeal th' ten commandments. Not that they'd iver ask thim to, Hinnissy. They'd make thim ten thousand if they had their way an' mark thim: 'F'r men on'y.' But, annyhow, th' ladies comity wint down to Washin'ton. They'd been there befure an'

dhriven th' Demon Rum fr'm th' resthrant into a lair in th' comity room. A Congressman came out, coughin' behind his hand, an' put his handkerchief into th' northwest corner iv his coat. 'Ladies,' says he, 'what can I do f'r ye?' he says. 'Ye must save th' ar-rmy fr'm th' malt that biteth like a wasp an' stingeth like an adder,' says they. 'Ye bet ye'er life I will, ladies,' says th' Congressman with a slight hiccup. 'I will do as ye desire. A sojer that will dhrink beer is a disgrace to th' American jag,' he says. 'We abolished public dhrinkin' in th' capitol,' he says. 'We done it to make th' Sinitors onhappy, but thim hardened tools iv predytory wealth have ordhered ink wells made in th' shape iv decanters. But,' he says, 'th' popylar branch iv th' Naytional Ligislachure is not to be outdone. Ye see these panels on th' wall? I touch a button an' out pops a bottle iv Bourbon that wud make ye'er eyes dance. Whoop-ee!'

"So Congress passed a bill abolishin' th' canteen. An' it's all right now. If a sojer

wants to desthroy himself he has to walk a block. Some iv me enterprisin' colleagues in th' business have opened places convenient to th' fort where th' sons iv Mars, instead iv th' corroding beer, can get annything fr'm sulphuric acid to knock-out dhrops. I see wan iv thim stockin' up at a wholesale dhrug store last week. If the sojers escape th' knock-out dhrops they come down-town an' Doherty takes care iv thim. A sojer gets thirteen dollars a month, we'll say. Twelve dollars he can devote to dhrink an' wan dollar to th' fine. Twelve times eight hundhred an' twelve times that—well, 'tis no small item in th' coorse iv a year. Whin th' Binivolent Assocyation iv Saloonkeepers holds its next meeting I'm goin' to propose to send dillygates to th' Young Ladies Christyan Timp'rance Union. It ought to be what th' unions call an affilyated organization."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "they think they're doin' what's right."

"An' they ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll

not find me defindin' th' sellin' iv dhrink to anny man annywhere. There's no wan that's as much iv a timp'rance man as a man that's been in my business f'r a year. I'd give up all th' fun I get out iv dhrinkin' men to escape th' throuble I have fr'm dhrunkards. Drink's a poison. I don't deny it. I'll admit I'm no betther thin an ordinhry doctor. Both iv us gives ye something that cures ye iv th' idee that th' pain in ye'er chest is pnoomony iv th' lungs. If it really is pnoomony ye go off somewhere an' lie down an' ayether ye cure ye'ersilf iv pnoomony or th' pnoomony cures ye iv life. Dhrink niver made a man betther, but it has made manny a man think he was betther. A little iv it lifts ye out iv th' mud where chance has thrown ye; a little more makes ye think th' stains on ye'er coat ar-re eppylets; a little more dhrops ye back into th' mud again. It's a frind to thim that ar-re cold to it an' an inimy to those that love it most. It welcomes thim in an' thrips thim as they go out. I tell ye 'tis a threach-

erous dhrug an' it oughtn't to be given to ivry man.

"To get a dhrink a man ought first to be examined be his parish priest to see whether he needs it an' how it's goin' to affect him. F'r wan man he'd write on th' prescription 'Ad lib,' as Dock O'Leary does whin he ordhers a mustard plasther f'r me; f'r another he'd write: 'Three times a day at meals.' But most people he wudden't prescribe it f'r at all.

"Do I blame th' ladies? Faith, I do not. Ye needn't think I'm proud iv me business. I only took to it because I am too selfish to be a mechanic an' too tender-hearted to be a banker or a lawyer. No, sir, I wudden't care a sthraw if all th' dhrink in th' wurruld was dumped to-morrah into th' Atlantic Ocean, although f'r a week or two afther it was I'd have to get me a diving suit if I wanted to see annything iv me frinds.

"No, sir; th' ladies ar-re not to blame. They've always thried to reform man, an' they haven't yet got onto th' fact that maybe

he's not worth reformin'. They don't undherstan' why a man shud be allowed to pizen himsilf into th' belief that he amounts to something, but thin they don't undherstand man. They little know what a bluff he is an' how 'tis on'y be fortifyin' himsilf with stuff that they regard as iv no use except to burn undher a tea-kettle that he dares to go on livin' at all. He knows how good dhrink makes him look to himsilf, an' he dhrinks. They see how it makes him look to ivrybody else, an' they want to take it away fr'm him. Whin he's sober his bluff is on th' outside. Whin he's dhrunk he makes th' bluff to his own heart. Dhrink turns him inside out as well as upside down, an' while he's congratulatin' himsilf on th' fine man he is, th' neighbors know him f'r a boaster, a cow'rd, an' something iv a liar. That th' ladies see an' hate. They do not know that there is wan thing an' on'y wan thing to be said in favor iv dhrink, an' that is that it has caused manny a lady to be loved that otherwise might've died single."

"They're all right," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'm against it."

"Yes," said Mr. Dooley. "Anny man is against dhrink that's iver been really against it."

THINGS SPIRITUAL

"Th' latest thing in science," said Mr. Dooley, "is weighin' th' human soul. A fellow up in Matsachoosetts has done it. He weighs ye befure ye die an' he weighs ye afther ye die, an' th' diff'rence is what ye'er soul weighs. He's discovered that th' av'rage weight iv a soul in New England is six ounces or a little less. Fr'm this he argies that th' conscience isn't part iv th' soul. If it was th' soul wud be in th' heavyweight class, f'r th' New England conscience is no feather. He thinks it don't escape with th' soul, but lies burrid in th' roons iv its old fam'ly home—th' liver.

"It's so simple it must be true, an' if it ain't true, annyhow it's simple. But it's a tur-rble thing to think iv. I can't see anny money in it as an invintion. Who'll want

to have his soul weighed? Suppose ye'er time has come. Th' fam'ly ar-re busy with their own thoughts, grievin' because they hadn't been as good to ye as they might, because they won't have ye with thim anny more, because it's too late f'r thim to square thimsilves, pityin' ye because ye'er not remainin' to share their sorrows with thim, wondhrin' whether th' black dhresses that were bought in honor iv what people might have said if they hadn't worn thim in mimry iv Aunt Eliza, wud be noticed if they were worn again f'r ye. Th' very young mimbers iv th' fam'ly ar-re standin' around, thryin' to look as sad as they think they ought to look. But they can't keep it up. They nudge each other, their eyes wandher around th' room, an' fr'm time to time they glance over at Cousin Felix an' expect him to make a laugh'ble face. He's a gr-reat frind iv theirs an' they're surprised he isn't gayer. Something must've happened to him. Maybe he's lost his job. There ar-re a gr-reat manny noises in th' sthreet. Th' undertaker

whistles as he goes by, an' two iv th' neighbors ar-re at th' gate sayin' what a fine man ye were if ye didn't dhrink, an' askin' did ye leave much.

"An' little ye care. Everything is a millyon miles away fr'm ye. F'r th' first time in ye'er life ye're alone. F'r the first time in ye'er life ye ar-re ye'ersilf. F'r Hiven knows how manny years ye've been somebody else. Ye've been ye'er wife, ye'er fam'ly, ye'er relations, th' polisman on th' beat, th' doctor, th' newspaper reporther, th' foreman at th' mills, th' laws iv th' land, th' bartinder that gives ye dhrinks, th' tailor, th' barber, an' public opinion. Th' wurruld has held a lookin'-glass in front iv ye fr'm th' day ye were born an' compelled ye to make faces in it. But in this here particular business ye have no wan to please but ye'ersilf. Good opinyon an' bad opinyon ar-re alike. Ye're akelly unthroubled be gratichood an' revenge. No wan can help ye or stay ye. Ye're beyond th' sound iv th' alarm clock an' th' facthry whistle an' be-

ginnin' th' Big Day Off whin th' man iv Science shakes ye be th' elbow an' says: 'Ye've got to weigh out.' An' he weighs figures: 'Wan hundhred an' forty-siven fr'm wan hundhred an' fifty. Siven fr'm naught can't be done; borry wan; siven fr'm ten leaves three. I find that th' soul iv our late laminted frind weighed a light three pounds avirdoopoise.'

"No, sir, it won't do. 'Twill niver be popylar. People won't have their souls weighed. I wudden't f'r all th' wurruld have th' wurrud go through th' ward: 'Did ye hear about Dooley's soul?' 'No, what?' 'They had to get an expert accountant to figure its weight, it was that puny.'

"D'ye suppose Dorgan, th' millyonaire, wud consint to it? Whin he entered th' race iv life he was properly handicapped with a soul to offset his avarice an' his ability, so that some iv th' rest iv us wud have a kind iv a show again him. But as soon as he thinks no wan can see him he begins to get rid iv his weight an' comes rompin'

home miles ahead. But th' judges say: 'Hold on, there; ye'll have to weigh out,' an' a little later a notice is posted up that Dorgan is disqualified f'r ridin' undherweight in th' matther iv soul. On th' other hand, there's little Miss Maddigan, th' seamstress. She's all but left at th' post; she's jostled all th' way around, an' comes in lame, a bad last. But she's th' only wan iv th' lot that's kept th' weight. She weighs ninety-six pounds—six iv it bein' tea an' toast an ninety iv it soul.

"No, sir, whin it comes to goin' up to th' scales to have their souls weighed people'll be as shy as they are in a Customs House. Th' people that wud make th' invintion pay wud be th' last to want to be tested by it. Th' pa-apers might keep records iv th' results: 'Misther So-an'-so, th' gr-reat captain iv finance, died yesterday, universally regretted. His estate amounts to nineteen millyon dollars. There ar-re two large bequests to charity. Wan is a thrust fund set aside f'r his maiden sister Annybelle, who

will receive f'r life th' income on eight hundhred dollars in stock iv th' Hackensack Meadows Comp'ny. Th' other is forty-two dollars to buy a wooden leg f'r his brother Isaac, it bein' undherstood that no charge is to be made be th' estate against th' brother f'r a set iv false teeth bought f'r him in th' year nineteen four. Th' balance iv th' property is left in trust f'r th' minor childher until they ar-re 90 years old. Th' deceased requested that his soul be measured be troy weight. It tipped th' beam at wan pennyweight.' "

"D'ye think th' soul can be weighed?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I know it's there, but I think—I kind iv feel—I wondher—I don't hardly know——"

"I see what ye mean," said Mr. Dooley. "Scales an' clocks ar-re not to be thrusted to decide annything that's worth deciding. Who tells time be a clock? Ivry hour is th' same to a clock an' ivry hour is diff'rent to me. Wan long, wan short. There ar-re hours in th' avenin' that pass between two

ticks iv th' clock; there ar-re hours in th' arly mornin' whin a man can't sleep that Methusalah's age cud stretch in. Clocks ar-re habichool liars, an' so ar-re scales. As soon as annything gets good enough to weigh ye can't weigh it. Scales ar-re f'r th' other fellow. I'm perfectly willin' to take ye'er weight or ye'er soul's weight fr'm what th' scales say. Little I care. A pound or two more or less makes no diff'rence. But when it comes to measurin' something that's precious to me, I'll not thrust it to a slight improvement on a see-saw.

"But what do I know about it, annyhow? What do I know about annything? I've been pitchin' information into ye f'r more years thin anny wan iver wint to colledge, an' I tell ye now I don't know annything about annything. I don't like to thrust mesilf forward. I'm a modest man. Won't somebody else get up? Won't ye get up, Tiddy Rosenfelt; won't ye, Willum Jennings Bryan; won't ye, Prisidint Eliot; won't ye, pro-fissors, preachers, doctors, lawyers, idi-

tors? Won't annybody get up? Won't annybody say that they don't know annything about annything worth knowin' about? Thin, be Hivens, I will. All alone I'll stand up befure me class an' say: 'Hinnissy, about annything that can't be weighed on a scales or measured with a tape line I'm as ign'rant as—ye'ersilf. I'll have to pay ye back th' money I took fr'm ye f'r ye'er schoolin'. It was obtained be false pretences.'

"How can I know annything, whin I haven't puzzled out what I am mesilf. I am Dooley, ye say, but ye're on'y a casual obsarver. Ye don't care annything about me details. Ye look at me with a gin'ral eye. Nawthin' that happens to me really hurts ye. Ye say, 'I'll go over to see Dooley,' sometimes, but more often ye say, 'I'll go over to Dooley's.' I'm a house to ye, wan iv a thousand that look like a row iv model wurrukin'men's cottages. I'm a post to hitch ye'er silences to. I'm always about th' same to ye. But to me I'm a

millyon Dooleys an' all iv thim sthrangers to ME. I niver know which wan iv thim is comin' in. I'm like a hotel keeper with on'y wan bed an' a millyon guests, who come wan at a time an' tumble each other out. I set up late at night an' pass th' bottle with a gay an' careless Dooley that hasn't a sorrow in th' wurruld, an' suddenly I look up an' see settin' acrost fr'm me a gloomy wretch that fires th' dhrink out iv th' window an' chases me to bed. I'm just gettin' used to him whin another Dooley comes in, a cross, cantankerous, crazy fellow that insists on eatin' breakfast with me. An' so it goes. I know more about mesilf than annybody knows an' I know nawthin'. Though I'd make a map fr'm mem'ry an' gossip iv anny other man, f'r mesilf I'm still uncharted.

"So what's th' use iv thryin' to know annything less important. Don't thry. All ye've got to do is to believe what ye hear, an' if ye do that enough, afther a while ye'll hear what ye believe. Ye've got to start in

believin' befure ye can find a reason f'r ye'er belief. Our old frind Christopher Columbus hadn't anny good reason f'r believin' that there was anny such a place as America. But he believed it without a reason an' thin wint out an' found it. Th' fellows that discovered th' canals on Mars which other fellows think cud be cured be a good oculist, hadn't anny right to think there were canals on Mars. But wan iv thim said: 'I wondher if there ar-re canals on Mars; I believe there ar-re. I'll look an' see. Be Hivens, there ar-re.' If he'd wondhered an' thin believed about clothes poles he'd've found thim too. Anny kind iv a fact is proof iv a belief. A firm belief atthracts facts. They come out iv holes in th' ground an' cracks in th' wall to support belief, but they run away fr'm doubt.

"I'll niver get anny medal f'r makin' anny man give up his belief. If I see a fellow with a chube on his eye and hear him hollerin,' 'Hooray, I've discovered a new planet,' I'll be th' last man in th' wurruld

to brush th' fly off th' end iv th' telescope. I've known people that see ghosts. I didn't see thim, but they did. They cud see ghosts an' I cudden't. There wasn't annything else to it. I knew a fellow that was a Spiritualist wanst. He was in th' chattel morgedge business on week days an' he was a Spiritulist on Sunday. He cud understand why th' spirits wud always pick out a stout lady with false hair or a gintleman that had his thumb mark registhered at Polis Headquarthers to talk through, an' he knew why spirits liked to play on banjoes an' mandolins an' why they convarsed be rappin' on a table in th' dark. An' there was a man that wud bite a silver dollar in two befure he'd take it f'r good."

"My aunt seen a ghost wanst," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ivrybody's aunt has seen a ghost," said Mr. Dooley.

BOOKS

"WELL, sir, if there's wan person in th' wurruld that I really invy 'tis me frind th' ex-Prisidint iv Harvard. What a wondherful thing is youth. Old fellows like ye'ersilf an' me make a bluff about th' advantages iv age. But we know there's nawthin' in it. We have wisdom, but we wud rather have hair. We have expeeryence, but we wud thrade all iv its lessons f'r hope an' teeth.

"It makes me cross to see mesilf settin' here takin' a post grajate coorse in our cillybrated univarsity iv th' Wicked Wurruld an' watchin' th' freshmen comin' in. How happy they are, but how seeryous. How sure they are iv ivrything. Us old fellows are sure iv nawthin'; we laugh but we are not cheerful; we have no ro-

mance about th' colledge. Ye don't hear us givin' nine long cheers f'r our almy matther. We ain't even thankful f'r th' lessons it teaches us or th' wallops it hands us whin we f'rget what we've been taught. We're a sad lot iv old la-ads, hatin' th' school, but hatin' th' grajation exercises aven more.

"But 'tis a rale pleasure to see th' bright faced freshmen comin' in an' I welcome th' last young fellow fr'm Harvard to our vin'rable institution. I like to see these earnest, clear-eyed la-ads comin' in to waken th' echoes iv our grim walls with their young voices. I'm sure th' other undhergrajates will like him. He hasn't been spoiled be bein' th' star iv his school f'r so long. Charles seems to me to be th' normal healthy boy. He does exactly what all freshmen in our university do whin they enther. He tells people what books they shud read an' he invints a new relligon. Ivry well-ordhered la-ad has to get these two things out iv his system at wanst.

"What books does he advise, says ye? I haven't got th' complete list yet, but what I seen iv it was good. Speakin' f'r mesilf alone, I don't read books. They are too stimylatin'. I can get th' same wrong idees iv life fr'm dhrink. But I shud say that if a man was a confirmed book-reader, if he was a man that cudden't go to sleep without takin' a book an' if he read befure breakfast, I shud think that Doctor Eliot's very old vatted books are comparatively harmless. They are sthrong it is thrue. They will go to th' head. I wud advise a man who is aisily affected be books to stick to Archibald Clavering Gunter. But they will hurt no man who's used to readin'. He has sawed thim out carefully. 'Give me me tools,' says he, 'an' I will saw out a five-foot shelf iv books.' An' he done it. He has th' right idee. He real-izes that th' first thing to have in a libry is a shelf. Fr'm time to time this can be decorated with lithrachure. But th' shelf is th' main thing. Otherwise th' libry may get mixed up with

readin' matther on th' table. Th' shelf shud thin be nailed to th' wall iliven feet fr'm th' flure an' hermetically sealed.

"What books does he riccomind? Iv course there's such folklore as Epicbaulus in Marsupia an' th' wurruks iv Hyperphrastus. But it shows how broad an' indulgent th' doctor's taste is that he has included Milton's Arryopatigica, if I have th' name right. This is what ye might call summer readin'. I don't know how I cud describe it to ye, Hinnissy. Ye wudden't hardly call it a detective story an' yet it ain't a problem play. Areopapigica is a Greek gur-rul who becomes th' iditor iv a daily newspaper. That is th' beginnin' iv th' plot. I won't tell ye how it comes out. I don't want to spile ye'er injymint iv it. But ye'll niver guess who committed th' crime. It is absolutely unexpicted. A most injanyous book an' wan iv th' best sellers iv its day. There were four editions iv thirty copies each an' I don't know how manny paper-covered copies at fifty cents were

printed f'r circulation on th' mail coaches. I'm not sure if it iver was dhramatized; if it wasn't, there's a chanst f'r some manager.

"The darin' rescue iv Areopatigica be Oliver Cromwell—but I won't tell ye. Ye must read it. There ar-re some awful comical things in it. I don't agree with Uncle Joe Cannon, who says it is trashy. It is light, perhaps even frivolous. But it has gr-reat merit. I can't think iv annything that wud be more agreeable thin lyin' in a hammock, with a glass iv somethin' in ye'er hand on a hot day an' readin' this little jim iv pure English an' havin' a profissor fr'm colledge within aisy call to tell ye what it all meant. I niver go f'r a long journey. I mane I niver go f'r a long journey without a copy iv Milton's Agropapitica in me pocket. I have lent it to brakemen an' they have invaryably returned it. I have read it to men that wanted to fight me an' quited thim. Yet how few people iv our day have read it! I'll bet ye eight dollars that if ye wait till th' stores let out

ye can go on th' sthreet an' out iv ivry ten men ye meet at laste two, an' I'll take odds on three, have niver aven heerd iv this pow'-ful thragedy. Yet while it was runnin' ye cudden't buy a copy iv th' Fireside Companyon an' f'r two cinchries it has proticted th' shelves iv more libries thin anny iv Milton's pomes, f'r Hogan tells me this author, who ye hardly iver hear mentioned in th' sthreet cars at th' prisint moment, was a pote as well as an author an' blind at that, an', what is more, held a prom'nent pollytickal job. I wondher if two hundred years fr'm now people will cease to talk iv William Jennings Bryan. He won't, but will they?

"Well, sir, it must be a grand thing to injye good books, but it must be grander still to injye anny kind iv books. Hogan can read annything. He ain't a bit particklar. He's tur-rbly addicted to th' habit. Long years ago I decided that I cudden't read annything but th' lightest newspaper

with me meals. I seldom read between meals excipt now an' thin f'r socyability's sake. If I am with people that are readin' I'm very apt to jine thim so's not to appear to be bad company. But Hogan is always at it. I wudden't mind if he wint out boldly to readin'-rooms an' thin let it alone. But he reads whin he is be himsilf. He reads in bed. He reads with his meals. He is a secret reader. He nips in second-hand book stores. He can't go on a thrain an' have anny fun lookin' at th' other passengers or invyin th' farmers their fields an' not invyin' their houses. Not a bit iv it. He has to put a book in his pocket. He'll tell ye that th' on'y readin' is Doctor Eliot's cillybrated old blend an' he'll talk larnedly about th' varyous vintages. But I've seen him read books that wud kill a thruckman. Th' result iv it is that Hogan is always wrong about ivrything. He sees th' wurruld upside down. Some men are affected diff'rent. Readin' makes thim weep. But it makes Hogan believe in fairies while he's at it.

He's irresponsible. There ain't annything in th' wurruld f'r him but dark villyans an' blond heroes. An' he's always fightin' these here imaginary inimies an' frinds, wantin' to desthroy a poor, tired, scared villyan, an' losin' his good money to a hero. I've thried to stop him. 'Use ye'er will-power,' say I. 'Limit ye'ersilf to a book or two a day,' says I. 'Stay in th' open air. Take soft readin'. How d'ye expict to get on in th' wurruld th' way ye are goin'? Who wud make a confirmed reader th' cashier iv a bank? Ye'd divide ye'er customers into villyans an' heroes an' ye wudden't lend money to th' villyans. An' thin ye'd be wrong aven if ye were right. F'r th' villyans wud be more apt to have th' money to bring back thin th' heroes,' says I. 'Ye may be right,' says he. 'But 'tis too late to do annything with me. An' I don't care. It may hurt me in th' eyes iv me fellow counthrymen, but look at th' fun I get out iv it. I wudden't thrade th' injanyous wicked people an' th' saints that I see f'r

all th' poor, dull, half-an'-half crathers that ye find in th' wurruld,' says he.

"An' there ye ar-re. It's just as his frind, th' most prom'nent get-rich-quick-man iv his time, wanst said: 'Readin' makes a man full.' An' maybe Hogan's right. Annyhow, I'm glad to have him advised about his books so that he won't hurt himsilf with lithrachoor that don't come undher th' pure food act. An' I'm glad to welcome our young friend Charles Eliot into our ancient univarsity. He'll like it f'r awhile. He is sure to make th' team an' I wudden't mind seein' him captain iv it. 'Tis a gr-reat colledge afther all, an' if it makes me mad part iv th' time, because I'm always gettin' licked f'r what somebody else has done, on th' whole I injye it. Th' coorse is hard. Ivry man, woman, an' child is profissor an' student to ye. Th' examinations are tough. Ye niver know whin they're goin' to take place or what they'll be about. Profissor Eliot may pass ye on'y to have

Profissor Hinnissy turn ye down. But there's wan sure thing—ye'll be grajiated. Ye'll get th' usual diploma. Ye'll grajiate not because iv annything ye've done, but because ye'er room is needed. 'I like th' old place,' says ye. 'An' I'm just beginnin' to larn,' says ye. 'Pass on, blockhead,' says th' faculty. 'Pass on, Hinnissy—ye'll niver larn annything.' An' there ye are. What'll ye take?"

"I wudden't mind havin' a little—" began Mr. Hennessy.

"I don't mean what you mean," said Mr. Dooley. "Will ye have th' avenin' paper or a little iv th' old stuff off th' shelf?"

THE TARIFF

"WELL, sir, 'tis a gr-r-rand wurruk thim Sinitors an' Congressmen are doin' in Wash-'n'ton. Me heart bleeds f'r th' poor fellows, steamin' away undher th' majestic tin dome iv th' capitol thryin' to rejooce th' tariff to a weight where it can stand on th' same platform with me frind big Bill without endangerin' his life. Th' likes iv ye wud want to see th' tariff rejooced with a jack plane or an ice pick. But th' tariff has been a good frind to some iv thim boys an' it's a frind iv frinds iv some iv th' others an' they don't intend to be rough with it. A little gentle massage to rejooce th' most prom'nent prochooberances is all that is nicissry. Whiniver they rub too hard an' th' tariff begins to groan, Sinitor Aldhrich says: 'Go a little asier there, boys. He's

very tender in some iv thim schedules. P'raps we'd betther stop f'r th' day an' give him a little nourishment to build him up,' he says. An' th' last I heerd about it, th' tariff was far fr'm bein' th' wan an' emacyated crather ye'd like to see comin' out iv th' Sinit chamber. It won't have to be helped onto ye'er back an' ye won't notice anny reduction in its weight. No, sir, I shudden't be surprised if it was heartier thin iver.

"Me congressman sint me a copy iv th' tariff bill th' other day. He's a fine fellow, that congressman iv mine. He looks afther me inthrests well. He knows what a gr-reat reader I am. I don't care what I read. So he sint me a copy iv th' tariff bill an' I've been studyin' it f'r a week. 'Tis a good piece iv summer lithrachoor. 'Tis full iv action an' romance. I haven't read annythink to akel it since I used to get th' Deadwood Dick series.

"I'm in favor iv havin' it read on th' Foorth iv July instead iv th' declaration iv

indypindance. It gives ye some idee iv th' kind iv gloryous governmint we're livin' undher, to see our fair Columbia puttin' her brave young arms out an' defindin' th' products iv our soil fr'm steel rails to porous plasthers, hooks an' eyes, artyficial horse hair an' bone casings, which comes undher th' head iv clothin' an' I suppose is a polite name f'r pantaloons.

"Iv coorse, low people like ye, Hinnissy, will kick because it's goin' to cost ye more to indulge ye'er taste in ennervating luxuries. D'ye know Sinitor Aldhrich? Ye dont? I'm surprised to hear it. He knows ye. Why, he all but mentions ye'er name in two or three places. He does so. 'Tis as if he said: 'This here vulgar plutycrat, Hinnissy, is turnin' th' heads iv our young men with his garish display. Befure this, counthries have perished because iv th' ostintation iv th' arrystocracy. We must presarve th' ideels iv American simplicity. We'll show this vulgar upstart that he can't humilyate his fellow citizens be goin' around dhressed up

like an Asyatic fav'rite iv th' Impror Neero, be Hivens. How will we get at him?' says he. 'We'll put a tax iv sixty per cent. on ready made clothin' costin' less thin ten dollars a suit. That'll teach him to squander money wrung fr'm Jawn D. Rockyfellar in th' Roo dilly Pay. We'll go further thin that. We'll put a tax iv forty per cent. on knitted undherwear costin' less thin a dollar twinty-five a dozen. We'll make a specyal assault on woolen socks an' cowhide shoes. We'll make an example iv this here pampered babe iv fortune,' says he.

"An' there it is. Ye haven't got a thing on ye'er back excipt ye'er skin—an' that may be there; I haven't got as far as th' hide schedule yet—that ain't mentioned in this here boolwark iv our liberties. It's ye'er own fault. If ye will persist in wearin' those gee-gaws ye'll have to pay f'r thim. If ye will go on decoratin' ye'er house with shingles an' paint an' puttin' paper on th' walls an' adornin' th' inside iv it with ye'er barbaric taste f'r eight day clocks, cane bot-

tom chairs an' karosene lamps, ye've got to settle, that's all. Ye've flaunted ye'er wealth too long in th' face iv a sturdy people.

"Ye'd think th' way such as ye talk that ivrything is taxed. It ain't so. 'Tis an insult to th' pathritism iv Congress to say so. Th' Republican party, with a good deal iv assistance fr'm th' pathriotic Dimmycrats, has been thrue to its promises. Look at th' free list, if ye don't believe it. Practically ivrything nicissry to existence comes in free. What, f'r example, says ye? I'll look. Here it is. Curling stones. There, I told ye. Curling stones are free. Ye'll be able to buy all ye'll need this summer f'r practically nawthin'. No more will ladies comin' into this counthry have to conceal curling stones in their stockin's to avoid th' iniquitous customs.

"What else? Well, teeth. Here it is in th' bill: 'Teeth free iv jooty.' Undher th' Dingley bill they were heavily taxed Onless ye cud prove that they had cost ye less thin a hundhred dollars, or that ye had

worn thim f'r two years in Europe, or that ye were bringin' thim in f'r scientific purposes or to give a museem, there was an enormous jooty on teeth. Th' Governmint used to sind profissyonal humorists down to th' docks to catch th' teeth smugglers. But fr'm now on ye can flaunt ye'er teeth in th' face iv anny inspictor. Ye don't have to declare thim. Ye don't have to put thim in th' bottom iv ye'er thrunk. Ye don't have to have thim chalked or labelled befure ye get off th' dock. Ye don't have to hand a five to th' inspictor an' whisper: 'I've got a few bicuspids that I picked up while abroad. Be a good fellow an' let me through.' No, sir, teeth are free.

"What other nicissities, says ye? Well, there's sea moss. That's a good thing. Ivry poor man will apprecyate havin' sea moss to stir in his tea. Newspapers, nuts, an' nux vomica ar-re free. Ye can take th' London *Times* now. But that ain't all by anny means. They've removed th' jooty on Pulu. I didn't think they'd go that far, but

in spite iv th' protests iv th' Pulu foundhries iv Sheboygan they ruthlessly sthruck it fr'm th' list iv jootyable articles. Ye know what Pulu is, iv coorse, an' I'm sure ye'll be glad to know that this refreshin' bev'rage or soap is on th' free list. Sinitor Root in behalf iv th' pulu growers iv New York objicted, but Sinitor Aldhrich was firm. 'No, sir,' he says, 'we must not tax annything that enters into th' daily life iv th' poor,' he says. 'While not a dhrinkin' man mesilf, I am no bigot, an' I wud not deny anny artisan his scuttle iv pulu,' he says. So pulu was put on th' free list, an' iv coorse Zapper an' Alazarin had to go on, too, as it is on'y be addin' thim to pulu that ye can make axle-grease.

"There was a gr-reat sthruggle over cannary bur-rd seed. Riprisintatives iv th' Chicago packers insisted that in time canary bur-rds cud be taught to eat pork chops. Manny sinitors thought that th' next step wud be to take th' duty off cuttle fish bone, an' thus sthrike a blow at th' very heart iv

our protictive system. But Sinitor Tillman, who is a gr-reat frind iv th' canary bur-rd an' is niver seen without wan perched on his wrist, which he has taught to swear, put up a gallant fight f'r his protegees, an' thousands iv canary bur-rds sang with a lighter heart that night. Canary bur-rd seed will be very cheap this year, an' anny American wurrukin' man needn't go to bed hungry. There ought to be some way iv teachin' their wives how to cook it. It wud make a nourishin' dish whin ye have whetted ye'er face on a piece iv cuttle fish bone. I'm sure th' raison American wurrukin' men don't hop around an' sing over their wurruk is because they are improperly fed.

"Yes, sir, canary bur-rd seed is free. What else? Lookin' down th' list I see that divvy-divvy is free also. This was let in as a compliment to Sinitor Aldhrich. It's his motto. Be th' inthraduction iv this harmless dhrug into th' discussion he's been able to get a bill through that's satisfacthry to ivrywan. But I am surprised to see that spunk is on

th' free list. Is our spunk industhree dead? Is there no pathrite to demand that we be protictedagainst th' pauper spunk iv Europe? Maybe me frind Willum Taft had it put on th' free list. I see in a pa-aper th' other day that what was needed at th' White house was a little more spunk. But does he have to import it fr'm abroad, I ask ye? Isn't there enough American spunk?

"Well, sir, there are a few iv th' things that are on th' free list. But there are others, mind ye. Here's some iv thim: Apatite, hog bristles, wurruks iv art more thin twinty years old, kelp, marshmallows, life boats, silk worm eggs, stilts, skeletons, turtles, an' leeches. Th' new tariff bill puts these familyar commodyties within th' reach iv all. But there's a bigger surprise waitin' for ye. What d'ye think ends th' free list? I'll give ye twinty chances an' ye'll niver guess. Blankets? No. Sugar? Wrong. Flannel shirts? Thry to be a little practical, Hinnissy. Sinitor Aldhrich ain't no majician. Well, I might as well tell ye if ye're sure

ye'er heart is sthrong an' ye can stand a joyful surprise. Ar-re ye ready? Well, thin, joss sticks an' opyum f'r smokin' ar-re on th' free list! If they ain't I'm a Chinyman an' if they are I'll be wan pretty soon.

"How often have I envied Hop Lung whin I see him burnin' his priceless joss sticks. How often have I seen him lyin' on top iv me week's washin' pullin' away at th' savry rooster brand an' dhreamin' he was th' Impror iv Chiny, while I've had to contint mesilf with a stogy that give me a headache! But that day is passed. Me good an' great frind fr'm Rhode Island has made me th' akel iv anny Chink that iver rolled a pill. Th' tariff bill wudden't be complete without that there item. But it ought to read: 'Opyum f'r smokin' while readin' th' tariff bill.' Ye can take this sterlin' piece iv lithrachoor to a bunk with ye an' light a ball iv hop. Befure ye smoke up p'raps ye can't see where th' tariff has been rejooced. But afther ye've had a long dhraw it all becomes clear to ye. Ye'er worries about th' chil-

dhren's shoes disappear an' ye see ye'ersilf floatin' over a purple sea iv alazarin, in ye'er private yacht, lulled be th' London *Times*, surrounded be wurruks iv art more thin twinty years old, atin' marshmallows an' canary bur-rd seed, while th' turtles an' leeches frisk on th' binnacle.

"Well, sir, if nobody else has read th' debates on th' tariff bill, I have. An' I'll tell ye, Hinnissy, that no such orathry has been heerd in Congress since Dan'l Webster's day, if thin. Th' walls iv Congress hall has resounded with th' loftiest sintimints. Hinnery Cabin Lodge in accents that wud melt th' heart iv th' coldest mannyfacthrer iv button shoes has pleaded f'r freedom f'r th' skins iv cows. I'm sorry to say that this appeal fr'm th' cradle iv our liberties wasn't succissful. Th' hide iv th' pauperized kine iv Europe will have to cough up at th' custom house befure they can be convarted into brogans. This pathriotic result was secured be th' gallant Bailey iv Texas. A fine lib'ral minded fellow, that lad Bailey.

He's an ardint free thrader, mind ye. He's almost a slave to th' historic principles iv th' Dimmycratic party. Ye bet he is. But he's no blamed bigot. He can have principles an' he can lave thim alone. An' I want to tell ye, me frind, that whin it comes to disthributin' th' honors f'r this reform iv th' tariff, don't ye fail to throw a few flowers, or, if bricks are handier, bricks at th' ripri-sintatives iv our small but gallant party. It was a fine thing to see thim standin' be th' battle cry iv our grand old organyzation.

"Says th' sinitor fr'm Louisyanny: 'Louisyanny, th' proudest jool in th' dyadim iv our fair land, remains thrue to th' honored teachin's iv our leaders. Th' protictive tariff is an abomynation. It is crushin' out th' lives iv our people. An' wan iv th' worst parts iv this divvlish injine iv tyranny is th' tariff on lathes. Fellow sinitors, as long,' he says, 'as I can stand, as long as nature will sustain me in me protest, while wan dhrop iv pathriotic blood surges through me heart, I will raise me voice again a tariff

on lathes, onless,' he says, 'this dhread implymint iv oppressyon is akelly used,' he says, 'to protict th' bland an' beautiful molasses iv th' State iv me birth,' he says.

"'I am heartily in sympathy with th' sinitor fr'm Louisyanny,' says th' sinitor fr'm Virginya. 'I loathe th' tariff. Fr'm me arliest days I was brought up to look on it with pizenous hathred. At manny a con-vintion ye cud hear me whoopin' again it. But if there is such a lot iv this monsthrous iniquity passin' around, don't Virginya get none? How about th' mother iv prisidents? Ain't she goin' to have a grab at annything? Gintlemen, I do not ask, I demand rights f'r me commonwealth. I will talk here ontil July fourth, nineteen hundhred an' eighty-two, agin th' proposed hellish tax on feather beds onless somethin' is done f'r th' tamarack bark iv old Virginya.'

"A sinitor: 'What's it used f'r?'

"Th' sinitor fr'm Virginya: 'I do not quite know. It is ayether a cure f'r th'

hives or enthers largely into th' mannyfacture iv carpet slippers. But there's a frind iv mine, a lile Virginyan, who makes it an' he needs th' money.'

" 'Th' argymints iv th' sinitor fr'm Virginya are onanswerable,' says Sinitor Aldhrich. 'Wud it be agreeable to me Dimmycratic collague to put both feather beds an' his what's-ye-call-it in th' same item?'

" 'In such circumstances,' says th' sinitor fr'm Virginya, 'I wud be foorced to waive me almost insane prejudice again th' hellish docthrines iv th' distinguished sinitor fr'm Rhode Island,' says he.

"An' so it goes, Hinnissy. Niver a sordid wurrud, mind ye, but ivrything done on th' fine old principle iv give an' take."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "what diff'rence does it make? Th' foreigner pays th' tax, annyhow."

"He does," said Mr. Dooley, "if he ain't turned back at Castle Garden."

THE BIG FINE

"THAT was a splendid fine they soaked Jawn D. with," said Mr. Dooley.

"What did they give him?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Twinty-nine millyon dollars," said Mr. Dooley.

"Oh, great!" said Mr. Hennessy. "That's a grand fine. It's a gorjous fine. I can't hardly believe it."

"It's thrue, though," said Mr. Dooley. "Twinty-nine millyon dollars. Divvle th' cent less. I can't exactly make out what th' charge was that they arrested him on, but th' gin'ral idee is that Jawn D. was goin' around loaded up to th' guards with Standard Ile, exceedin' th' speed limit in acquirin' money, an' singin' 'A charge to keep I have' till th' neighbors cud stand it no longer.

The judge says: 'Ye're an old offender an' I'll have to make an example iv ye. Twinty-nine millyon dollars or fifty-eight millyon days. Call th' next case, Misther Clerk.

"Did he pay th' fine? He did not. Iv coorse he cud if he wanted to. He wuddent have to pawn annything to get th' money, ye can bet on that. All he'd have to do would be to put his hand down in his pocket, skin twinty-nine millyon dollar bills off iv his roll an' hurl thim at th' clerk. But he refused to pay as a matter iv principle. 'Twas not that he needed th' money. He don't care f'r money in th' passionate way that you an' me do, Hinnissy. Th' likes iv us are as crazy about a dollar as a man is about his child whin he has on'y wan. Th' chances are we'll spoil it. But Jawn D., havin' a large an' growin' fam'ly iv dollars, takes on'y a kind iv gin'ral inthrest in thim. He's issued a statement sayin' that he's a custojeen iv money appinted be himsilf. He looks afther his own money an' th' money

iv other people. He takes it an' puts it where it won't hurt thim an' they won't spoil it. He's a kind iv a society f'r th' previntion of croolty to money. If he finds a man misusing his money he takes it away fr'm him an' adopts it. Ivry Saturdah night he lets th' man see it f'r a few hours. An' he says he's surprised to find that whin, with th' purest intintions in th' wurruld, he is found thryin' to coax our little money to his home where it'll find conjanial surroundings an' have other money to play with, th' people thry to lynch him an' th' polis arrest him f'r abduction.

"So as a matther iv principle he appealed th' case. An appeal, Hinnissy, is where ye ask wan coort to show it's contempt f'r another coort. 'Tis sthrange that all th' pathrites that have wanted to hang Willum Jennings Bryan an' mesilf f'r not showin' proper respect f'r th' joodicyary, are now showin' their respect f'r th' joodicyary be appealin' fr'm their decisions. Ye'd think Jawn D. wud bow his head reverentially in

th' awful presence iv Kenesaw Mt. Landis an' sob out: 'Thank ye'er honor. This here noble fine fills me with joy. But d'ye think ye give me enough? If agreeable I'd like to make it an even thirty millyons.' But he doesn't. He's like mesilf. Him an' me bows to th' decisions iv th' coorts on'y if they bow first.

"I have gr-reat respect f'r th' joodicyary, as fine a lot iv cross an' indignant men as ye'll find annywhere. I have th' same respect f'r thim as they have f'r each other. But I niver bow to a decision iv a judge onless, first, it's pleasant to me, an', second, other judges bow to it. Ye can't be too careful about what decisions ye bow to. A decision that seems agreeable may turn out like an acquaintance ye scrape up at a picnic. Ye may be ashamed iv it to-morrah. Manny's th' time I've bowed to a decree iv a coort on'y to see it go up gayly to th' supreem coort, knock at th' dure an' be kicked down stairs be an angry old gintleman in a black silk petticoat. A decree iv th' coort

has got to be pretty vinrable befure I do more thin greet it with a pleasant smile.

"Me idee was whin I read about Jawn D.'s fine that he'd settle at wanst, payin' twinty-eight millyon dollars in millyon dollar bills an' th' other millyon in chicken-feed like ten thousand dollar bills just to annoy th' clerk. But I ought to've known betther. Manny's th' time I've bent me proud neck to a decision iv a coort that lasted no longer thin it took th' lawyer f'r th' definse to call up another judge on th' tillyphone. A judge listens to a case f'r days an' hears, while he's figurin' a possible goluf score on his blotting pad, th' argymints iv two or three lawyers that no wan wud dare to offer a judgeship to. Gin'rally speakin', judges are lawyers. They get to be judges because they have what Hogan calls th' joodicyal timp'ramint, which is why annybody gets a job. Th' other kind people won't take a job. They'd rather take a chance. Th' judge listens to a case f'r days an' decides it th' way he intinded to. D'ye find th' larned counsel that's just

been beat climbin' up on th' bench an' throwin' his arms around th' judge? Ye bet ye don't. He gathers his law books into his arms, gives th' magistrate a look that means, 'There's an eliction next year', an' runs down th' hall to another judge. Th' other judge hears his kick an' says he: 'I don't know annything about this here case except what ye've whispered to me, but I know me larned collague an' I wuddent thrust him to referee a roller-skatin' contest. Don't pay th' fine till ye hear fr'm me.' Th' on'y wan that bows to th' decision is th' fellow that won, an' pretty soon he sees he's made a mistake, f'r wan day th' other coort comes out an' declares that th' decision of th' lower coort is another argymint in favor iv abolishing night law schools.

"That's th' way Jawn D. felt about it an' he didn't settle. I wondher will they put him away if he don't pay ivinchooly? 'Twill be a long sentence. A frind iv mine wanst got full iv kerosene an' attempted to juggle a polisman. They thried him whin he come

out iv th' emergency hospital an' fined him a hundhred dollars. He didn't happen to have that amount with him at th' moment or at anny moment since th' day he was born. But the judge was very lenient with him. He said he needn't pay it if he cudden't. Th' coort wud give him a letther of inthroduction to th' bridewell an' he cud stay there f'r two hundhred days. At that rate it'll be a long time befure Jawn D. an' me meet again on the goluf-links. Hogan has it figured out that if Jawn D. refuses to go back on his Puritan principles an' separate himsilf fr'm his money he'll be wan hundhred an' fifty-eight thousand years in cold storage. A man ought to be pretty good at th' lock step in a hundhred an' fifty-eight thousand years.

"Well, sir, glory be but times has changed whin they land me gr-reat an' good frind with a fine that's about akel to three millyon dhrunk an' disorderly cases. 'Twud've been cheaper if he'd took to dhrink arly in life. I've made a vow, Hinnissy, niver to be very

rich. I'd like to be a little rich, but not rich enough f'r anny wan to notice that me pockets bulged. Time was whin I dhreamed iv havin' money an' lots iv it. 'Tis thrue I begun me dhreams at th' wrong end, spent th' money befure I got it. I was always clear about th' way to spend it but oncertain about th' way to get it. If th' Lord had intinded me to be a rich man He'd've turned me dhreams around an' made me clear about makin' th' money but very awkward an' shy about gettin' rid iv it. There are two halves to ivry dollar. Wan is knowin' how to make it an' th' other is not knowin' how to spend it comfortably. Whin I hear iv a man with gr-reat business capacity I know he's got an akel amount iv spending incapacity. No matter how much he knew about business he wuddent be rich if he wasn't totally ignorant iv a science that we have developed as far as our means will allow. But now, I tell ye, I don't dhream iv bein' rich. I'm afraid iv it. In th' good old days th' polis coorts were crowded with

th' poor. They weren't charged with poverty, iv coorse, but with the results iv poverty, d'ye mind. Now, be Hivens, th' rich have invaded even th' coorts an' the bridewell. Manny a face wearin' side whiskers an' gold rimmed specs peers fr'm th' windows iv th' black Maria. 'What's this man charged with?' says th' coort. 'He was found in possession iv tin millyon dollars,' says th' polisman. An' th' judge puts on th' black cap."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "'tis time they got what was comin' to thim."

"I'll not say ye're wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "I see th' way me frind Jawn D. feels about it. He thinks he's doin' a great sarvice to th' worruld collectin' all th' money in sight. It might remain in incompetint hands if he didn't get it. 'Twud be a shame to lave it where it'd be misthreated. But th' on'y throuble with Jawn is that he don't see how th' other fellow feels about it. As a father iv about thirty dollars I want to bring thim up mesilf in me own foolish way.

I may not do what's right be thim. I may be too indulgent with thim. Their home life may not be happy. Perhaps 'tis clear that if they wint to th' Rockyfellar institution f'r th' care iv money they'd be in bether surroundings, but whin Jawn thries to carry thim off I raise a cry iv 'Polis,' a mob iv people that niver had a dollar iv their own an' niver will have wan, pounce on th' misguided man, th' polis pinch him, an' th' governmint condemns th' institution an' lets out th' inmates an' a good manny iv thim go to th' bad."

"D'ye think he'll iver sarve out his fine?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "But if if he does, whin he comes out at the end iv a hundhred an fifty-eight thousand years he'll find a great manny changes in men's hats an' th' means iv transportation but not much in annything else. He may find flyin' machines, though it'll be arly f'r thim, but he'll see a good manny people still walkin' to their wurruk."

EXPERT TESTIMONY

"WHAT'S an expert witness?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"An expert witness," said Mr. Dooley, "is a doctor that thinks a man must be crazy to be rich. That's thrue iv most iv us, but these doctors don't mean it th' way I do. Their theery is that annything th' rich do that ye want to do an' don't do is looney. As between two men with money, th' wan with most money is craziest. If ye want a diploma f'r sanity, Hinnissy, th' on'y chance ye have iv gettin' it is to commit a crime an' file an invintory iv ye'er estate with th' coort. Ye'll get a certy-ficate iv sanity that ye'll be able to show with pride whin ye're let out iv Joliet.

"In th' old days if a man kilt another man he took three jumps fr'm th' scene iv

th' disaster to th' north corrydor iv th' County Jail. That still goes f'r th' poor man. No wan has thried to rob him iv th' privilege won f'r him be his ancestors iv bein' quickly an' completely hanged. A photygraph iv him is took without a collar, he's yanked befure an awful coort iv justice, a deef-mute lawyer is appinted to look afther his inthrests an' see that they don't suffer be bein' kept in th' stuffy atmosphere iv th' coortroom, th' State's attorney presints a handsome pitcher iv him as a fiend in human form, th' judge insthructs th' jury iv onprejudiced jurors in a hurry to get home that they ar-re th' sole judges iv th' law an' th' fact, th' law bein' that he ought to be hanged an' th' fact bein' that he will be hanged, an' befure our proletory frind comes out iv his thrance he's havin' his first thorough fill-up iv ham an' eggs, an' th' clargy ar-re showin' an amount iv inthrest in him that must be surprisin' to a man iv his humble station.

"A few days later I r-read in th' pa-apers

in a column called 'Brief News Jottings,' just below a paragraph about th' meetin' iv th' Dairyman's Assocyation, an account iv how justice has pursooed her grim coorse in th' case iv John Adamowski. An' I'm thankful to know that th' law has been avinged, that life an' property again ar-re safe in our fair land iv freedom, an' that th' wretched criminal lived long enough to get all he wanted to eat.

"Justice is all a poor criminal asks f'r, an' that's what he gets. He don't desarve a anny betther. 'Tis like askin' on'y f'r a pair iv dooces in a car-d game an' havin to bet thim. If I done wrong I'd say: 'Don't deal me anny justice. Keep it f'r thim that wants it. Undher th' circumstances all I ask is a gr-reat deal iv injustice an' much mercy. I do not ask to be acquitted be a jury iv me peers. I am a modest man an' I'll accipt me freedom fr'm th' humblest bailiff in th' land. I do not care to come triumphant out iv this ordeel an' repoort other cases f'r th' newspa-apers. All I ask

is a block's start an' some wan holdin' th' polisman's coattails. I waive me right to be thried be an incorruptible, fair, an' onprejudiced Judge. Give me wan that's onfair an' prejudiced an' that ye can slip somethin' to.

"No, sir, whin a man's broke an' does something wrong, th' on'y temple iv justice he ought to get into is a freight car goin' West. Don't niver thrust that there tough-lookin' lady with th' soord in her hand an' th' handkerchief over her eyes. She may be blind, though I've seen thriles where she raised th' bandage an' winked at th' aujence—she may be blind, but 'tis th' fine sinse iv touch she has, an' if ye vinture into her lodgins an' she goes through ye'er pockets an' finds on'y th' pawnticket f'r th' watch ye stole off Hogan, she locks th' dure, takes off th' handkerchief, an' goes at ye with th' soord.

"But suppose ye have a little iv th' useful with ye. Ye br-reak into Hogan's house some night sufferin' fr'm an incontrollable

impulse to take his watch. Don't get mad, now. I'm on'y supposin' all this. Ye wudden't take his watch. He has no watch. Well, he's sound asleep. Ye give him a good crack on th' head so he won't be disturbed, an' hook th' clock fr'm undher th' pillow. Th' next day ye're arristed. Th' pa-apers comes out with th' news: 'Haughty sign iv wealthy fam'ly steals watch fr'm awful Hogan. Full account iv dhreadful career iv th' victim. Unwritten law to be invoked,' an' there's an article to show that anny wan has a right to take Hogan's watch, that he was not a proper man to have th' care iv a watch, annyhow, an' that ye done well to hook it. This is always th' first step to'rd securin' cold justice f'r th' rich. Ye're next ilicted a mimber iv nearly all th' ministers' assocyations, an' finally, in ordher that th' law may be enfoorced without regard to persons, an expert witness is hired f'r ye.

"Th' thrile begins. Ye walk in with a quick, nervous sthride an' set th' watch be th' coort clock. 'Ar-re ye guilty or not

guilty?' says th' clerk. 'Guilty an' glad iv it,' says ye'er lawyer amid cheers an' hisses. 'Have ye th' watch with ye?' says th' coort. 'I have,' says th' pris'ner, smilin' in his peculiar way. 'Lave me look at it,' says th' coort. 'I will not,' says the pris'ner, puttin' it back into his pocket. 'How ar-re ye goin' to defind this crook?' says th' Judge. 'We ar-re goin' to prove that at th' time he committed this crime he was insane,' says th' lawyer. 'I object,' says th' State's attorney. 'It is not legal to inthrajooce evidence iv insanity till th' proper foundations is established. Th' defince must prove that th' pris'ner has money. How do we know he isn't broke like th' rest iv us?' Th' coort: 'How much money have ye got?' The pris'ner: 'Two millyon dollars, but I expect more.' Th' coort: 'Objection overruled.'

"'Th' expert is called. 'Doctor, what expeeryence have ye had among th' head cures?' 'I have been f'r forty years in an asylum.' 'As guest or landlord?' 'As

both.' 'Now, doctor, I will ask you a question. Supposin' this pris'ner to be a man with a whole lot iv money, an' supposin' he wint to this house on th' night in question, an' suppose it was snowin', an' suppose it wasn't, an' suppose he turned fr'm th' right hand corner to th' left goin' upstairs, an' supposin' he wore a plug hat an' a pair iv skates, an' supposin' th' next day was Winsday—' 'I objict,' says th' State's attorney. 'Th' statues, with which me larned frind is no doubt familiar, though I be darned if he shows it, f'rbids th' mention iv th' days iv th' week.' 'Scratch out Winsday an' substichoot four o'clock in Janooary,' says th' coort. 'Now, how does th' sentence r-read?' 'Th' next day was four o'clock in Janooary—an' supposin' th' amount iv money, an' supposin' ye haven't got a very large salary holdin' th' chair iv conniption fits at th' college, an' supposin' ye don't get a cent onless ye answer r-right, I ask ye, on th' night in question whin th' pris'ner grabbed th' clock, was he or was he

not funny at th' roof?' 'I objict to th' form iv question,' says th' State's attorney. 'In th' eighth sintince I move to sthrike out th' wurrud "and" as unconstitutional, unprofissyonal, an' conthry to th' laws iv evidence.' 'My Gawd, has my clint no rights in this coort?' says th' other lawyer. 'Ye bet he has,' says th' coort. 'We'll sthrike out th' wurrud "and" but we'll substichoot th' more proper wurrud "aloofness."

" 'Did ye see th' pris'ner afther his arrest?' 'I did.' 'Where?' 'In th' pa-apers.' 'What was he doin'?' 'His back was tur-rned.' 'What did that indicate to ye?' 'That he had been sufferin' fr'm a variety iv tomaine excelsis—' 'Greek wurruds,' says th' coort. 'Latin an' Greek,' says th' expert. 'Pro-ceed,' says th' coort. 'I come to th' conclusion,' says th' expert, 'that th' man, when he hooked th' watch, was sufferin' fr'm a sudden tempest in his head, a sudden explosion as it were, a sudden I don't know-what-th'-divvle-it-was, that kind

iv wint off in his chimbley, like a storm at sea.' 'Was he in anny way bug befure th' crime?' 'Not a bit. He su fered fr'm warts whin a boy, which sometimes leads to bozimbral hoptocollographophiloplutomania, or what th' Germans call tantrums, but me gin'ral con-clusion was that he was perfectly sane all his life till this minnyit, an' that so much sanity wint to his head an' blew th' cover off.'

" 'Has he been sane iver since?' says the lawyer. 'Ye'd betther have a care how ye answer that question, me boy,' says th' pris'ner, carelessly jingling th' loose change in his pocket. 'Sane?' says th' expert. 'Well, I shud think he was. Why, I can hardly imagine how he stayed feather-headed long enough to take th' villan's joolry. Sane, says ye? I don't mean anny disrespect to th' coort or th' bar, but if ye gintlemen had half as much good brains in ye'er head as he has, ye'd not be wastin' ye'er time here. There ain't a man in this counthry th' akel iv this gr-reat man. Talk

about Dan'l Webster, he was an idyut compared with this joynt intelleck. No, sir, he's a fine, thoughtful, able, magnificent specimen iv man an' has been iver since between twelve four an' twelve four-an'-a-half on that fatal night. An' a good fellow at that.'

" 'What d'ye propose to do to stand this here testymony off?' says th' Judge. 'I propose,' says th' State's attorney, 'to prove be some rale experts, men who have earned their repytations be testifyin' eight ways fr'm th' jack in a dozen criminal cases, that so far fr'm bein' insane on this particklar night, this was th' on'y time that he was perfeckly sane.' 'Oh, look here, Judge,' says Bedalia Sassyfrass iv *Th' Daily Fluff*, 'this here has gone far enough. Th' man's not guilty, an' if ye don't want a few remarks printed about ye, that'll do ye no good, ye'll let him off. " Don't pay anny attintion to what she says, Fitzy,' says another lady. 'Her decayed newspa-aper has no more circulation thin a cucumber. We

expict ye to follow th' insthructions printed in our vallyable journal this mornin'.'

" 'Sir,' says a tall man, risin' in his place, 'I am th' Riv'rend Thompson Jubb.' 'Not th' notoryous shepherd iv that name?' 'Th' same,' says th' Riv'rend Jubb. 'That lowly worker in th' vineyard iv th' Lord who astonished th' wurruld be atin' glass in th' pulpit an' havin' th' Bible tattooed on him. I wish th' privilege iv standin' on me head an' playin' "A charge to keep I have" on the accorjeen with me feet. 'Granted,' says th' coort. 'I will now charge th' jury as to th' law an' th' fact: I am all mixed up on th' law; th' fact is there's a mob outside waitin' to lynch ye if ye don't do what it wants. Th' coort will now adjourn be th' back dure.' 'Where's th' pris'ner?' says th' expert. 'He has gone to addhress a mothers' meetin',' says th' clerk. 'Thin I must be goin' too,' says th' expert. An' there ye ar-re."

"I'm glad that fellow got me off," said Mr. Hennessy, "but thim experts ar-re a

bad lot. What's th' diff'rence between that kind iv tistymony an' perjury?"

"Ye pay ye'er money an' take ye'er choice," said Mr. Dooley.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see me frind Tiddy Rosenfelt has been doin' a little lithry criticism, an' th' hospitals are full iv mangled authors. Th' next time wan iv thim nature authors goes out into th' woods lookin' f'r his prey he'll go on crutches."

"What's it about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

" 'Twas this way," said Mr. Dooley. "I have it fr'm Hogan, me lithry adviser. He keeps me posted on what's goin' on in lithrachoor, an' I do th' same f'r him on crime. I've always got a little something that's excitin' comin' to me, but this time he's made good. It seems, ye see, that a good manny iv th' la-ads that write th' books have been lavin' th' route iv th' throlley line an' takin' to th' woods. They quit Myrtle an' Clarence an' th' wrong done to

Oscar Lumlovitch be th' brutal foreman iv lard tank nine, an' wint to wurruk on th' onhappy love affairs iv Carrie Boo, th' deer, an' th' throubles in th' domestic relations iv th' pan fish an' th' skate. F'r th' last year th' on'y books that Hogan has told me about have been wrote about animiles. I've always thought iv th' beasts iv th' forest prowlin' around an' takin' a leg off a man that'd been sint to Colorado f'r his lungs. But these boys tell me they're diff'rent in their home life. They fall in love, get marrid an' divoorced, bring up fam'lies, an' are supported or devoured be thim, as th' case may be, accumylate money, dodge taxes, dhrink to excess, an' in ivry way act like human bein's. I wudden't be surprised to know that a bear had a tillyphone in his room, an' that th' gopher complained iv his gas bills.

"Ivry time I go up into th' park to see me old frind th' illyphant I wondher what dhreams ar-re goin' on behind that nose iv his that he uses akelly as a garden hose, a

derrick, or a knife an' fork. Is he recallin' th' happy days at Barnum's befure brutal man sunk an ice pick into him an' dhrove him to th' park? Is there some wan still there that he thinks iv? Is she alive, is she dead, does she iver dhream iv him as she ates her hay an' rubs her back agin th' bars iv her gilded cage? There's th' hippypotamus. He don't look to be full iv sintiment, but ye never can tell. Manny an achin' heart beats behind a cold an' sloppy exteeryor. Somewhere in sunny Africa a loving fam'ly may be waitin' f'r him. Th' wallow at th' riverside is there, with th' slime an' ooze arranged be tinder paws. But he will not return. They will meet, but they will miss him, there will be wan vacant lair.

"Well, sir, just as I'd got to th' frame iv mind whin I'm thinkin' iv askin' that gloomy lookin' allygator in th' park up to spind an avenin' with me, along comes Tiddy Rosenfelt an' says there's nawthin' in it. It's hard on th' boys. They ar-re doin' th' best they can. Ye can't expect an author to

lave his comfortable flat an' go three or four thousand miles to larn whether th' hero iv his little love story murdhers his uncle be bitin' him abaft th' ear or be fellin' him with a half Nelson an' hammer-lock. Why should he? Who wud feed th' goold fish while he was gone?

"No, sir, he does just right. Instead iv venturin' into th' wilds an' p'raps bein' et up be wan iv his fav'rite charackters, he calls f'r some tea an' toast, jabs his pen into th' inkwell, an' writes: 'Vichtry was not long in th' grasp iv th' whale. Befure he cud return to his burrow Tusky Bicuspid had seized him be th' tail an' dashed his brains out agin a rock. With a leap in th' air th' bold wolf put to rout a covey iv muskrats, those evil sojers iv fortune that ar-re seen hoverin' over ivry animile battle-field. Wan blow iv his paw broke th' back iv th' buffalo. With another he crushed a monsthrous sage hen, at wanst th' most threacherous an' th' hardiest iv th' beasts iv th' wild. Paralyzed be th' boldness iv

th' wolf, th' camel an' th' auk fled fr'm th' scene iv havoc, as is their wont. All that remained iv his inimies now was th' cow, which defied him fr'm the branches iv a pine tree an' pelted him with th' monsthrous fruit iv this cillybrated viggytable. Now, it is well known that however aven they may be in a boording house, th' wolf is no match f'r a cow in a tree. But this was no ordhinary wolf. As he heerd th' low cry iv' his mate he was indowed with th' strength iv a thousand piany movers. With a gesture iv impatience he shed his coat, f'r it was Spring, childher, an' he shud've been more careful; he shed his coat, swiftly climbed th' tree an' boldly advanced on th' foe. His inimy give th' low growl iv his hated thribe. How manny a time have I heerd it in Englewood an' shuddered with fear. But th' dauntless Tusky answered back with his battle song, th' long chirp iv th' wild wolf, his wife accompanyin' him fr'm th' foot iv th' tree on a sheep bone. With wan spring th' inthrepid wolf sprang at his inimy

She thried to sink her venomous fangs into his wish-bone, but with incredulous swiftness, he back-heeled an' upper-cut her, swung left to body an' right to point iv jaw, an' with wan last grimace iv defiance th' gr-reat bulk iv th' monsther fell tin thousand feet into th' roarin' torrent an' took th' count. Tusky heerd th' soft love-note iv his mate. She was eatin' th' whale. He hastily descinded. An' so peace come to th' jungle.'

"That sounds all right to me. I like to see th' best man or th' best animile win. An' I want to see him win good. It wudden't help me story to tell about Tusky goin' home with wan ear gone an' his eye blacked, an' tellin' his wife that he'd just about managed to put wan over that stopped another wolf. That's what usually happens up this way, an' it ain't very good readin'. When I want to tell a story that'll inthrest me frinds I give it to thim good. Whin I describe me fav'rite hero, Dock Haggerty, I tell about him throwin' wan man out iv th' window an' usin' another as a club to bate

th' remainin' twelve into submission. But if I had to swear to it, an' wasn't on good terms with th' Judge, I wudden't say that I iver see Dock Haggerty lick more than wan man—at a time. At a time, mind ye. He might take care iv a procession iv Johnsons. But he'd be in throuble with a couple iv mimbers iv th' Ethical Culture Society that came to him at th' same moment. 'If iver more thin wan comes at wanst,' says th' Dock, 'I'm licked,' he says.

"But that ain't what I tell late at night, an' it ain't what I want to read. Ye bet it ain't. If I wint over to a book store an' blew in me good thirty-nine cints f'r a dollar-an'-a-half book, I'd want some kind iv a hero that I never see around these corners. Th' best day I iver knew Jawn L. Sullivan had a little something on me. I won't say it was much, but now that we're both retired, I'll say that I'm glad I niver challenged him. But I wudden't look at a book, an' I wudden't annyway, but I wudden't let Hogan tell me about a hero that cud-

den't wear an overcoat an' rubber boots, have wan arm done up in a sling, an' something th' matther with th' other, blue spectatacles on his eyes, a plug hat on his head, th' aujeence throwin' bricks at him, an' th' referee usin' a cross-cut saw on his neck, an' thin make two hundher an' fifty Jawn L. Sullivans establish th' new record f'r th' leap through th' window. Whin I want a hero, I want a good wan. I don't care whether 'tis a wolf, a sojer, or a Prisident. It all comes to th' same thing—whether 'tis Hogan's frind, th' Wolf that he's been talkin' about f'r a year, or that other old frind iv his that he used to talk about—what d'ye call him?—ah, where's me mind goin'?—Ivanhoe.

"But Tiddy Rosenfelt don't feel that way about it. He's called down thim nature writers just th' same way he'd call me down if I wint befure th' fifth grade at th' Brothers' school an' told thim what I thought wud inthrest thim about Dock Haggerty. What does he say? I'll tell ye. 'I do not wish to

be harsh,' says he, 'but if I wanted to charackterize these here nature writers, I wud use a much shorter an' uglier wurrud thin liar, if I cud think iv wan, which I cannot. Ye take, f'r example, What's-his-name. Has this man iver been outside iv an aviary? I doubt it. Here he has a guinea pig killin' a moose be bitin' it in th' ear. Now it is notoryous to anny lover iv th' wilds, anny man with a fondness f'r these monarchs iv forests, that no moose can be kilt be a wound in th' ear. I have shot a thousand in th' ear with no bad effects beyond makin' thim hard iv hearin'.'

"'Here is a book befure me be wan iv these alleged nature writers. This is a man whose name is a household wurrud in Conneticut. His books are used in th' schools. An' what does this man, who got his knowledge iv wild beasts apparently fr'm mistreatin' hens f'r th' pip, say; what is his message to th' little babblin' childher iv Conneticut? It is thim that I've got to think iv. Instead iv tellin' thim th' blessed truth,

instead iv leadin' thim up be thurly Christyan teachin's to an undherstandin' iv what is right an' what is ideel in life, he poisons their innocent minds with th' malicious, premeditated falsehood—I can't think iv an uglier or shorter wurrud that wud go with premeditated—that th' wolf kills th' grizzly bear be sinkin' its hidyous fangs into th' gapin' throat iv its prey. How can honest citizens an' good women be brought up on such infamyous docthrine? Supposin' a bear shud attack Conneticut, an' th' bells shud ring f'r th' citizens to arise, an' these little darlings shud follow this false prophet an' run out in their nighties an' thry to leap at his throat. Wudden't the bear be surprised? Wudden't the little infants be surprised? Ye bet they wud. I want these here darlings to know th' blessed truth, th' softenin' an' beautiful truth that th' on'y way f'r a wolf to kill a bear is to disembowel him. There is no other way. Th' wolf springs at his prey, an' with wan terrific lunch pries him open. No wolf cud kill a bear th' way

Willum J. Long iv Stamford has described. A bear has th' sthrongest throat iv anny crather in th' wurruld, barrin' Bryan. Why, I wud hate to have to sthrangle a bear. I did wanst, but I had writer's cramp f'r months aftherward.'

"An' that settles it. Fr'm now on ye can get anny wan iv these here nature writers be callin' up four iliven eight B, Buena Park. Th' wild animiles can go back to their daily life iv doin' th' best they can an' th' worst they can, which is th' same thing with thim, manin' get what ye want to eat an' go to sleep with ye'er clothes on. But some wan ought to bring out a new nature story. I've thought iv chapter twinty-eight: 'With wan blow iv his pen he laid low, but not much lower, Orpheus L. Jubb, th' well-known minichure painter who has taken up nature study. With another he disembowelled th' Riv'rend Doctor Aleck Guff, who retired fr'm th' Universalist Church because he cud not subscribe to their heejous docthrines about th' future life, an' wrote

his cillybrated book on wild animiles iv th' West fr'm a Brooklyn car window. It took on'y a moment f'r him to inflict a mortal wound on Seton-Thompson's kodak. An' Tiddy Rosenfelt stood alone in th' primeval forest. Suddenly there was a sound in th' bushes. He loaded his pen, an' thin give a gasp iv relief, f'r down th' glade come his thrusted ally, John Burroughs, leadin' captive th' pair iv wild white mice that had so long preyed on th' counthry.'

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. In me heart I'm glad these neefaryous plots iv Willum J. Long an' others have been defeated. Th' man that tells ye'er blessed childher that th' way a wild goat kills an owl is be pretendin' to be an alarum clock, is an undesirable citizen. He ought to be put in an aquaryum. But take it day in an' day out an' Willum J. Long won't give anny information to ye'er son Packy that'll deceive him much. Th' number iv carryboo, deers, hippypotamuses, allygators, an' muskoxes that come down th' Ar-rchey

Road in th' coorse iv a year wudden't make anny wan buy a bow an' arrow. It don't make near as much diff'rence to us how they live as it does to thim how we live. They're goin' an' we're comin', an' they ought to investygate an' find out th' reason why. I suppose they don't have to go to school to larn how to bite something that they dislike so much they want to eat it. If I had to bring up a flock iv wild childher in Ar-rchey Road, I wudden't much care what they larned about th' thrue habits iv th' elk or th' chambok, but I'd teach thim what I cud iv th' habits, the lairs, an' th' bite iv th' polisman on th' beat."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "Tiddy Rosenfelt is right. A fellow that writes books f'r childher ought to write th' truth."

"Th' little preciouses wudden't read thim," said Mr. Dooley. "Annyhow, th' truth is a tough boss in lithrachoor. He don't pay aven boord wages, an' if ye go to wurruk f'r him ye want to have a job on th' side."

THE JAPANESE SCARE

"Did ye go to see th' Japs whin they were here?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I did not," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Nor I," said Mr. Dooley. "I was afraid to. They're a divvle iv a sinsitive people thim Japs. Look cross-eyed at thim an' they're into ye'er hair. I stayed away fr'm th' stock yards whin me frind Gin'ral Armour was showin' Gin'ral Kroky some rale slaughter. I didn't dare to go down there f'r fear I'd involve this fair land iv ours in war. Supposin' th' haughty little fellow was to see me grinnin' at him. A smile don't seem th' same thing to an Oryental that it is to us Cowcassians. He might think I was insultin' him. 'Look at that fellow makin' faces at me,' says he. 'He ain't makin' faces at ye,' says th' Mayor. 'That's th' way he always looks.' 'Thin he must have

his face changed,' says Kroky. 'If he don't I'll appeal to th' Mickydoo an' he'll divastate this boasted raypublic iv ye'ers,' he says, 'fr'm sea to sea,' he says.

"Well, what's to be done about it? I can't change me face an' there's no legal way iv removin' it. Th' Prisidint writes to th' Gov'nor, th' Gov'nor requests th' Sheriff, th' Sheriff speaks to th' Mayor, th' Mayor desires th' Chief iv Polis, th' Chief iv Polis ordhers th' polisman on th' beat, an' th' polisman on th' beat commands me to take me alarmin' visage out iv th' public view. Suppose I go down to see me counsel, Barrister Hogan. He tells me that undher th' rights guaranteed to me be th' Constitution, which Gawd defind an' help in these here days, an' me liquor license, I'm entitled to stick me tongue in me cheek, wink, roll up me nose, wiggle me hands fr'm me ears, bite me thumb, or say 'Pooh' to any black-an'-tan I meet.

"Thin what happens? Th' first thing I know a shell loaded with dynnymite dhrops

into th' lap iv some frind iv mine in San Francisco; a party iv Jap'nese land in Boston an' scalp th' wigs off th' descindants iv John Hancock an' Sam Adams; an' Tiddy Rosenfelt is discovered undher a bed with a small language book thryin' to larn to say 'Spare me' in th' Jap'nese tongue. And me name goes bouncin' down to histhry as a man that brought roon to his counthry, an' two hundherd years fr'm now little childer atin' their milk with chop sticks in Kenosha, Wisconsin, will curse me f'r me wickedness instead iv blessin' th' mimry iv a man that done so much to keep their fathers fr'm hurryin' home at night. So I stayed away. F'r a moment th' peril is over.

"But it won't be f'r long. Ivry mornin' I pick up me pa-aper with fear an' thremblin'. War with Japan is immynint. 'Tokyo, June five—Th' whole nation is wild with excitement over th' misthreatment iv a Jap'nese in Los Angeles, an' unless an apology is forthcomin' it will be difficult f'r th' Govern-

mint to prevint th' navy fr'm shootin' a few things at ye. Th' people iv America shud know that they ar-re at th' brink iv war. A corryspondint iv th' *Daily Saky*, who wurruks in an old porcylain facthry in Maine, writes that this famous subjick iv th' Mickydoo, whose name has escaped him but who had a good job in a livery stable in Tokyo befure he was sint on a mission to th' American people to see what he cud get, wint into an all night resthrant an' demanded his threaty rights, which ar-re that th' waiter was to tuck his napkin into his collar an' th' bartinder must play "Nippon th' gloryous" on a mouth organ. Onforchinitely th' proprietor iv th' place, a man be th' name iv Scully, got hold iv a copy iv th' threaty with Sweden with th' sad result that he give th' subjick iv th' Mickydoo th' wrong threaty rights. He hit him over th' head with a bung starter. There is some relief in th' situation to-night based on th' repoort that th' Prisidint has sint an apology an' has ordhered out th' army to subjoo Scully.

"'The Impror held a meetin' iv th' Elder Statesmen to-night to discuss sindin' a fleet to San Francisco to punish th' neglect iv threaty rights iv th' Jap'nese be a sthreet car conductor who wudden't let a subjick iv th' Mickydoo ride on th' Thirty-first Sthreet line with an Ogden Avnoo thransfer dated August eighteen hundherd an' siventy-two.' 'Th' Prisidint has ordhered th' arrest an' imprisonmint iv a dentist in Albany who hurt a Jap'nese whose tooth he was fillin'. He has raquisted th' Mickydoo to give us another chance befure layin' waste our land.' 'Followin' th' advice iv th' Jap'nese ambassadure f'r poor young Japs to marry rich American girls, a Jap'nese combynation theelogical student an' cook applied f'r th' hand iv th' daughter iv th' boordin'-house keeper where he was employed. He was able to limp to th' Jap'nese Consul's house, where he made a complaint to th' Impror, who was an old frind iv his father. Th' Prisidint has ordhered th' lady to marry th' Chink.' 'Th' Hoop-la Theatre was closed

last night on complaint iv th' Jap'nese ambassadure that th' Fluff Opry Comp'ny was givin' a riprisintation iv Jap'nese charackter in pink robes instead iv th' seemly black derby hats, a size too large, Prince Albert coats, pear-colored pants, button shoes, sthring neckties, an' spectacles which is th' well-known unyform iv th' gloryous race. As token iv their grief th' Cab'net waited on th' Jap'nese embassy at dinner to-night an' Admiral Bob Evans has been ordhered to sink th' battle ship *Louisyanny* an' carry Gin'ral Kroky's hat box to th' deepo.'

"An' so it goes. I'm in a state iv alarum all th' time. In th' good old days we wudden't have thought life was worth livin' if we cudden't insult a foreigner. That's what they were f'r. Whin I was sthrong, befure old age deprived me iv most iv me pathritism an' other infantile disordhers, I niver saw a Swede, a Hun, an Eyetalian, a Boohlgaryan, a German, a Fr-rinchman, that I didn't give him th' shouldher. If 'twas an

Englishman I give him th' foot too. Threaty rights, says ye? We give him th' same threaty rights he'd give us, a dhrink an' a whack on th' head. It seemed proper to us. If 'twas right to belong to wan naytionality, 'twas wrong to belong to another. If 'twas a man's proud boast to be an American, it was a disgrace to be a German an' a joke to be a Fr-rinchman.

"An' that goes now. Ye can bump anny foreigner ye meet but a Jap. Don't touch him. He's a live wire. Don't think ye can pull his impeeryal hat down on his bold upcurved nose. Th' first thing ye know ye'll be what Hogan calls Casey's Bellows, an' manny a peaceful village in Indyanny'll be desthroyed f'r ye'er folly. Why, be Hivens, it won't be long till we'll have to be threatin' th' Chinese dacint. Think iv that will ye. I r-read in th' pa-aper th' other day that th' Chinese ar-rmy had been reorganized an' rearmed. Hincefoorth, instead iv th' old fashioned petticoats they will wear th' more war-like short skirt. Th'

palm leafs have been cast aside f'r modhren quick-firin' fans, an' a complete new assortment iv gongs, bows an' arrows, stink-pots, an' charms against th' evil eye has been ordhered fr'm a well-known German firm. Be careful th' next time ye think iv kickin' an empty ash-barl down ye'er frind Lip Hung's laundhry.

"It's hard f'r me to think iv th' Japs this way. But 'tis th' part iv prudence. A few years ago I didn't think anny more about a Jap thin abont anny other man that'd been kept in th' oven too long. They were all alike to me. But to-day, whiniver I see wan I turn pale an' take off me hat an' make a low bow. A few years ago an' I'd bet I was good f'r a dozen iv thim. But I didn't know how tur-rible a people they are. Their ships are th' best in th' wurruld. We think we've got good ships. Th' Lord knows I'm told they cost us enough, though I don't remimber iver payin' a cent f'r wan. But a Jap'nese rowboat cud knock to pieces th' whole Atlantic squadron. It cud so. They're

marvellous sailors. They use guns that shoot around th' corner. They fire these here injines iv desthruction with a mysteeryous powdher made iv a substance on'y known to thim. It is called saltpether. These guns hurl projyctiles weighin' eighty tons two thousand miles. On land they ar-re even more tur-rible. A Jap'nese sojer can march three hundhred miles a day an' subsist on a small piece iv chewin' gum. Their ar-rmy have arrived at such a perfection at th' diffycult manoover known as th' goose step that they have made this awful insthrument iv carnage th' terror iv th' armies iv Europe. As cav'lrymen they ar-re unexcelled. There is on'y wan horse in Japan, but ivry Japanese sojer has larned to ride him. To see wan iv their magnificent cav'lry rijments goin' into action mounted on Joko is a sight long to be raymimbered. Above all, th' Jap'nese is most to be feared because iv his love iv home an' his almost akel love iv death. He is so happy in Japan that we wud rather die somewhere's else.

Most sojers don't like to be kilt. A Jap'nese sojer prefers it. It was hard to convince th' nation that they hadn't lost th' war with Rooshya because not so many Rooshyans had been kilt as Japs. Faith we ought to be scared iv thim. I niver see wan without wondhrin' whether me cellar is bomb-proof.

"An' I sigh f'r th' good old days befure we become what Hogan calls a wurruld power. In thim days our fav'rite spoort was playin' solytare, winnin' money fr'm each other, an' no wan th' worse off. Ivrybody was invious iv us. We didn't care f'r th' big game goin' on in th' corner. Whin it broke up in a row we said: 'Gintlemen, gintlemen!' an' maybe wint over an' grabbed somebody's stake. But we cudden't stand it anny longer. We had to give up our simple little game iv patience an' cut into th' other deal. An' now, be Hivens, we have no peace iv mind. Wan hand we have wan partner; another hand he's again us. This minyit th' Jap an' me ar-re playin' together an' I'm tellin' him what a fine lead that was;

th' next an' he's again me an' askin' me kindly not to look at his hand. There ar-re no frinds at cards or wurruld pollyticks. Th' deal changes an' what started as a frindly game iv rob ye'er neighbor winds up with an old ally catchin' me pullin' an ace out iv me boot an' denouncin' me."

"Sure thim little fellows wud niver tackle us," said Mr. Hennessy. "Th' likes iv thim!"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, " 'tis because they ar-re little ye've got to be polite to thim. A big man knows he don't have to fight, but whin a man is little an' knows he's little an' is thinkin' all th' time he's little an' feels that ivrybody else is thinkin' he's little, look out f'r him."

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

"I SEE," said Mr. Hennessy, "we're goin' to sind th' navy to th' Passyfic."

"I can't tell," said Mr. Dooley, "whether th' navy is goin' to spend th' rest iv its days protectin' our possessions in th' Oryent or whether it is to remain in th' neighborhood iv Barnstable makin' th' glaziers iv New England rich beyond th' dhreams iv New England avarice, which ar-re hopeful dhreams. Th' cabinet is divided, th' Sicrety iv th' Navy is divided, th' Prisidint is divided an' th' press is divided. Wan great iditor, fr'm his post iv danger in Paris, has ordhered th' navy to report at San Francisco at four eight next Thursday. Another great iditor livin' in Germany has warned it that it will do so at its peril. Nawthin' is so fine as to see a great modhern journalist unbend fr'm his mighty task iv

selectin' fr'm a bunch iv phottygrafts th' prettiest cook iv Flatbush or engineerin' with his great furrowed brain th' Topsy Fizzle compytition to trifle with some light warm-weather subjict like internaytional law or war. But men such as these can do annything.

"But, annyhow, what diff'rence does it make whether th' navy goes to th' Passyfic or not? If it goes at all, it won't be to make war. They've dumped all th' fourteen inch shells into th' sea. Th' ammunition hoists ar-re filled with American beauty roses an' orchids. Th' guns are loaded with confetty. Th' officers dhrink nawthin' sthronger thin vanilla an' sthrawberry mixed. Whin th' tars go ashore they hurry at wanst to th' home iv th' Christyan Indeavor Society or throng th' free libries readin' relligous pothry. Me frind Bob Evans is goin' to conthribute a series iv articles to th' *Ladies' Home Journal* on croshaying. F'r th' Hague Peace Conference has abolished war, Hinnissy. Ye've seen th' last war ye'll iver see, me boy.

"Th' Hague conference, Hinnissy, was got up be th' Czar iv Rooshya just befure he moved his army agin th' Japs. It was a quiet day at Saint Pethersburg. Th' Prime Minister had just been blown up with dinnymite, th' Czar's uncle had been shot, an' wan iv his cousins was expirin' fr'm a dose iv proosic acid. All was comparitive peace. In th' warrum summer's afthernoon th' Czar felt almost dhrousy as he set in his rile palace an' listened to th' low, monotonous drone iv bombs bein' hurled at th' Probojensky guards, an' picked th' broken glass out iv th' dhrink that'd just been brought to him be an aged servitor who was prisidint iv th' Saint Pethersburg lodge iv Pathriotic Assassins. Th' monarch's mind turned to th' subjick iv war an' he says to himsilf: 'What a dhreadful thing it is that such a beautiful wurruld shud be marred be thousands iv innocint men bein' sint out to shoot each other f'r no cause whin they might betther stay at home an' wurruk f'r their rile masthers,' he says. 'I will disguise mesilf as a

moojik an' go over to th' tillygraft office an' summon a meetin' iv th' Powers,' he says.

"That's how it come about. All th' powers sint dillygates an' a g-reat manny iv th' weaknesses did so too. They met in Holland an' they have been devotin' all th ir time since to makin' war impossible in th' future. Th' meetin' was opened with an acrimonyous debate over a resolution offered be a dillygate fr'm Paryguay callin' f'r immeejit disarmamint, which is th' same, Hinnissy, as notifyin' th' Powers to turn in their guns to th' man at th' dure. This was carrid be a very heavy majority. Among those that voted in favor iv it were: Paryguay, Uryguay, Switzerland, Chiny, Bilgium, an' San Marino. Opposed were England, France, Rooshya, Germany, Italy, Austhree, Japan, an' the United States.

"This was regarded be all present as a happy auggry. Th' convintion thin discussed a risolution offered be th' Turkish dillygate abolishin' war altogether. This also was carried, on'y England, France,

Rooshya, Germany, Italy, Austhree, Japan, an' th' United States votin' no.

"This made th' way clear f'r th' discussion iv th' larger question iv how future wars shud be conducted in th' best inthrests iv peace. Th' conference considhered th' possibility iv abolishin' th' mushroom bullet which, entherin' th' inteeryor iv th' inimy not much larger thin a marble, soon opens its dainty petals an' goes whirlin' through th' allyminthry canal like a pin-wheel. Th' Chinese dillygate said that he regarded this here insthrumint iv peace as highly painful. He had an aunt in Pekin, an estimable lady, unmarried, two hundhred an' fifty years iv age, who received wan without warnin' durin' th' gallant riscue iv Pekin fr'm th' foreign legations a few years ago. He cud speak with feelin' on th' subjick as th' Chinese army did not use these pro-jictyles but were armed with bean-shooters.

"Th' English dillygate opposed th' resolution. 'It is,' says he, 'quite thrue that these here pellets are in many cases harmful to

th' digestion, but I think it wud be goin' too far to suggest that they be abolished ontil their mannyfacther is betther undherstud be th' subjick races,' he says. 'I suppose wan iv these bullets might throw a white man off his feed, but we have abundant proof that whin injicted into a black man they gr-reatly improve his moral tone. An' afther all, th' improvemint iv th' moral tone is, gintlemen, a far graver matther thin anny mere physical question. We know fr'm expeeryence in South Africa that th' charmin' bullet now undher discussion did much to change conditions in that enlightened an' juicy part iv his Majesty's domains. Th' darky that happened to stop wan was all th' betther f'r it. He retired fr'm labor an' give up his squalid an' bigamious life,' he says. 'I am in favor, howiver, iv restrictin' their use to encounters with races that we properly considher infeeryor,' he says. Th' dillygate fr'm Sinagambya rose to a question iv privilege. 'State ye'er question iv privilege,' says th' chairman. 'I wud like to have th' win-

dows open,' says th' dillygate fr'm Sinagambya. 'I feel faint,' he says.

"Th' Hon'rable Joe Choate, dillygate fr'm th' United States, moved that in future wars enlisted men shud not wear ear-rings. Carried, on'y Italy votin' no.

"Th' conference thin discussed blowin' up th' inimy with dinnymite, poisinin' him, shootin' th' wounded, settin' fire to infants, bilin' prisoners-iv-war in hot lard, an' robbin' graves. Some excitemint was created durin' th' talk be th' dillygate fr'm th' cannybal islands who proposed that prisoners-iv-war be eaten. Th' German dillygate thought that this was carryin' a specyal gift iv wan power too far. It wud give th' cannybal islands a distinct advantage in case iv war, as Europeen sojers were accustomed to horses. Th' English dillygate said that while much cud be said against a practice which personally seemed to him rather unsportsmanlike, still he felt he must reserve th' right iv anny cannybal allies iv Brittanya to go as far as they liked.

"Th' Hon'rable Joe Choate moved that in future wars no military band shud be considered complete without a base-dhrum. Carrid.

"Th' entire South American dillygation said that no nation ought to go to war because another nation wanted to put a bill on th' slate. Th' English dillygate was much incensed. 'Why, gintlemen', says he, 'if ye deprived us iv th' right to collect debts be killin' th' debtor ye wud take away fr'm war its entire moral purpose. I must ask ye again to cease thinkin' on this subjick in a gross mateeryal way an' considher th' moral side alone,' he says. Th' conference was much moved be this pathetic speech, th' dillygate fr'm France wept softly into his hankerchef, an' th' dillygate fr'm Germany wint over an' forcibly took an openface goold watch fr'm th' dillygate fr'm Vinzwala.

"Th' Hon'rable Joe Choate moved that in all future wars horses shud be fed with hay wheriver possible. Carrid.

"A long informal talk on th' reinthroduction iv scalpin' followed. At last th' dillygate fr'm Chiny arose an' says he: 'I'd like to know what war is. What is war annyhow?' 'Th' Lord knows, we don't,' says th' chairman. 'We're all profissors iv colledges or lawyers whin we're home,' he says. 'Is it war to shoot my aunt?' says th' dillygate fr'm Chiny. Cries iv 'No, no.' 'Is it war to hook me father's best hat that he left behind whin he bashfully hurrid away to escape th' attintions iv Europeen sojery?' he says. 'Is robbery war?' says he. 'Robbery is a nicissry part iv war,' says th' English dillygate. 'F'r th' purpose iv enfoorcin' a moral example,' he says.

'Well,' says old Wow Chow, 'I'd like to be able to go back home an' tell thim what war really is. A few years back ye sint a lot iv young men over to our part iv th' wurruld an' without sayin' with ye'er leave or by ye'er leave they shot us an' they hung us up be our psyche knots an' they burned down our little bamboo houses.

Thin they wint up to Pekin, set fire to th' town, an' stole ivry thing in sight. I just got out iv th' back dure in time to escape a jab in th' spine fr'm a German that I niver see befure. If it hadn't been that whin I was a boy I won th' hundred yards at th' University iv Slambang in two hours an' forty minyits, an' if it hadn't happened that I was lightly dhressed in a summer overskirt an' a thin blouse, an' if th' German hadn't stopped to steal me garters, I wudden't be here at this moment,' says he. 'Was that war or wasn't it?' he says. 'It was an expedition,' says th' dillygate fr'm England, 'to serve th' high moral jooties iv Christyan civvylization.' 'Thin,' says th' dillygate fr'm Chiny, puttin' on his hat, 'I'm f'r war,' he says. 'It ain't so rough,' he says. An' he wint home."

TURKISH POLITICS

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "onaisy lies th' crown on anny king's head these days. Th' time was whin it was me ambition or wan iv thim to be a king. Arly in life I'd committed the youthful folly iv bein' born outside iv th' counthry an' so I cuddent be Prisidint. But it don't make anny diff'rence what counthry a king comes from so long as he don't come fr'm th' counthry where he's king. 'No natives need apply,' is th' motto. If a counthry is so bad off that it has to have a king, they sind a comity down to Ellis Island an' pick out a good healthy Scandinavyan, make him throw away his wooden shoes an' leather cap, an' proclaim him king, Definder iv th' Faith. Kings are th' on'y assisted immygrants that are let in. Th' King iv England

is a German, th' King iv Italy is a Sardine, th' King iv Sweden is a Fr-rinchman, an' all th' other kings an' queens are Danes excipt th' King iv Denmark, an' th' Lord knows what he is.

"So ye see, Hinnissy, there's nawthin' in th' Constitution to prevint me fr'm bein' a king, an I looked forward to th' time whin I'd turn th' Illinye Cinthral deepo into a rile palace an' rule me subjicks, ye'ersilf among thim, with a high hand. I'd be a just but marciful monarch. No wan that come to th' palace wud go away empty handed. I'd always lave thim a little something. Divvle a bit iv a cabinet I'd have, but I'd surround mesilf with th' best thrained flattherers that cud be hired f'r love or money, an' no wan wud tell me th' truth, an' I'd live an' die happy. I'd show these modhern kings how a king ought to behave. Ye wudden't see Martin I, iv beloved mim'ry, runnin' around like a hired entertainer, wan day doin' th wurruk iv a talkative bricklayer at th' layin' iv a cornerstone, another day pre-

sidin' over a bankit iv th' Amalgamated Society iv Mannyfacthrers iv Hooks-an'-Eyes or racin' horses with Boots Durnell an' Charlie Ox or waitin' out in th' rain f'r a balloon to come down that's stuck on a church steeple forty miles away. No, sir, I'd niver appear in public but wanst a year, an' thin I'd blindfold me lile subjicks so that they'd stay lile. An' I'd niver open me mouth excipt to command music an' dhrink. But th' low taste iv kings has rooned th' business as a pursoot f'r gintlemen, an' to-day I'd think twict befure takin' th' job. 'Tis as preecaryous as a steeple jack's, an' no more permanent thin a Rosenfelt holdover undher Taft. If a king goes out an' looks haughty some wan iv his subjicks fires a gas pipe bomb at him, an' if he thries to be janial he's li'ble to be slapped on th' back in th' paddock an' called 'Joe.'

"Look at me frind, Abdul Hamid. Whin I dhreamed iv bein' king, sometimes I let me mind run on till I had mesilf promoted to be Sultan iv Turkey. There, me boy,

was a job that always plazed me. It was well paid, it looked to be permanent, and I thought it about th' best situation in th' wurruld. Th' Sultan was a kind iv a combination iv pope an' king. If he didn't like ye, he first excommunicated ye an' thin he sthrangled ye. There, thinks I to mesilf, there he sets, th' happy old ruffyan, on a silk embroidered lounge, in his hand-wurruked slippers, with his legs curled up undher him, a turban on his head, a crooked soord in his lap, a pitcher iv sherbet (which is th' dhrink in thim parts) at his elbow, a pipestem like a hose in his hand, while nightingales whistle in th' cypress threes in th' garden an' beautiful Circassyan ladies dance in front iv him far fr'm his madding throng iv wives, as th' pote says.

"Whin th' sicrety iv th' threasury wants to repoort to him, he starts fr'm his office on his stomach an' wriggles into th' august prisince. 'What is it ye want, oh head iv lignum vity?' says th' Sultan. 'Bark f'r th' ladies,' says he with a chuckle. 'Oh,

descindant iv th' prophet, whose name be blest! Oh, sun an' moon an' stars, whose frown is death an' whose smile is heaven to th' faithful—' 'Don't be so familyar with me first name,' says th' Sultan, 'but go on with ye'er contimptible supplication,' says he. 'Ye'er slave,' says th' sicrety iv th' threasury fr'm th' flure, 'is desthroyed with grief to tell ye that afther standin' th' intire empire on its head he's been onable to shake out more thin two millyon piasthres f'r this week's expinses iv ye'er awfulness,' says he. 'What!' says th' sultan, 'two millyon piasthres—har'ly enough to buy bur-rd seed f'r me bulbuls,' says he. 'How dare ye come into me august prisince with such an insult. Lave it on th' flure f'r th' boy that sweeps up, oh, son iv a tailor,' he says, an' he gives a nod an' fr'm behind a curtain comes Jawn Johnson with little on him, an' th' next thing ye hear iv th' faithless minister is a squeak an' a splash. He rules be love alone, thinks I, an' feelin' that life without love is useless, annybody that don't

love him can go an' get measured f'r a name plate an' be sure he'll need it befure th' price is lower. His people worship him an' why shudden't they. He allows thim to keep all th' dogs they want, he protects thim fr'm dissolute habits be takin' their loose money fr'm thim, an' ivry year he gives thim an Armeenyan massacree which is a great help to th' cigareet business in this counthry.

"Happy Abdul, thinks I. If I cud be a haythen an' was a marryin' man, 'tis ye'er soft spot I'd like to land in f'r me declinin' days. So whin I r-read in th' pa-apers that there was a rivolution startin' to fire Abdul Hamid, I says to mesilf: 'A fine chance ye've got, me lads. That old boy will be holdin' down his job whin there's a resignation fr'm th' supreeme coort bench at Wash-'nton,' says I. 'Th' first thing ye young Turks know ye'll be gettin' a prisent fr'm ye'er sov'reign iv a necktie,' says I, 'an' it won't fit ye,' says I.

"Well, sir, I was wrong. I knew I was wrong th' minyit I see a pitcher iv Abdul

Hamid in th' pa-aper—a snap-shot, mind ye! Think of that, will ye? D'ye suppose a sultan or a king that knew his thrade wud iver let anny wan take a snap-shot iv him? Did ye iver hear iv Alexander th' Gr-reat or Napoleon Bonyparte havin' a snap-shot took iv him? No, sir. Whin they wanted to satisfy th' vulgar curiosity iv th' popylace to know what their lord looked like, they chained an artist to a wall in th' cellar of th' palace an', says they: 'Now set down an' paint a pitcher iv me that will get ye out iv here,' says they. Nobody in thim days knew that th' king had a mole on his nose an' that wan iv his eyes was made iv glass, excipt th' people that had jobs to lose.

"Up to th' time Abdul Hamid wint thrapezin' around Constantinople in a hack an' havin' his pitcher took be amachoor phottygrafters his job was secure. Up to that time whin wan Turk talked to another about him they talked in whispers. 'What d'ye suppose he's like, Osman?' says wan. 'Oh me, oh my,' says th' other, 'but he's th'

tur-rble wan. They says his voice is like thunder, an' lightnin' shoots fr'm his eyes that wud shrivel th' likes iv ye an' me to a cinder.' But whin Abdul, be damid, as th' potes call him, made th' mistake iv pokin' his head out iv th' palace 'twas diff'rent. 'Well, who d'ye think I see to-day but th' Sultan. I tell ye I did. What is he like? He ain't much to look at—a skinny little man, Osman, that ye cud sthrangle between ye'er thumb an' forefinger. He had a bad cold an' was sneezin'. He wore a hand-me-down coat. He has a wen on th' back iv his neck an' he's crosseyed. Here's a pitcher iv him.' 'What, that little runt? Ye don't mean to say that's th' Sultan. Why, he looks like th' fellow that stops me ivry day on th' corner an' asks me have I anny old clothes betther thin what I have on. An' to think iv th' likes iv him rulin' over th' likes iv us. Let's throw him out.'

"So it was with me old frind Abdul. Wan day a captain an' a squad iv polis backed th' wagon up to th' dure iv th' palace

an' rung th' bell. 'Who's there?' says th' Sultan, stuffin' th' loose change into his shoe. 'Th' house is pulled,' says th' captain. 'Ye'er license is expired. Ye'd betther come peaceful,' he says. An' they bust in th' dure an' th' Sultan puts a shirt an' a couple iv collars into a grip an' selicts iliven iv his least formid-able wives to go along with him an' they put on their bonnets an' shawls an' carry out their bur-rd cages an' their goold fish an' their fancy wurruk an' th' pathrol wagon starts off an' has to stop so that iliven iv thim can go back an' get something they f'rgot at th' last moment an' th' ex-commander iv th' faithful says, 'Did ye iver know wan iv thim to be ready, Cap?' an' th' captain says, 'They're all alike, Doc,' an' th' dhriver clangs th' bell, an' off goes th' mighty potentate to a two-story frame house in Englewood. An' th' sultan's brother is taken out iv a padded cell where he had been kept f'r twinty years because he was crazy to be sultan, an' is boosted into th' throne. An' he has his pitcher took

an' is intherviewed be th' reporthers an' tells thim he will do th' best he can an' he hopes th' press won't be too hard on him, because he is a poor loonytick annyhow.

"An' there ye ar-re. There goes me dhream iv bein' sultan along with me dhream iv bein' a gr-reat gin'ral till th' Spanish war. If that's th' kind iv a job a sultan has, I'll lave it f'r anny wan to take that wants it. Why, be Hivens, whin th' Young Turks come to search th' palace, like th' pathrites they ar-re, to find if he'd left anny money behind, divvle th' thrace they found iv annything that I'd thrade f'r me back room. I begun to feel sorry f'r th' poor old miscreent. Instead iv lollin' on a sofy an' listenin' to th' song iv th' mockin' bur-rd in th' pommygranite threes while ladies fr'm th' chorus iv 'Th' Black Crook' fanned him with fans iv peacock feathers, th' mis'rable old haythen was locked up in a garret with a revolver in his hand ready to shoot anny wan that come next or near him. He suffered fr'm dyspepsia an' he cuddent

sleep nights. He cud ate nawthin' sthronger thin milk toast. He was foorced be fashion's whim to have five hundhred wives whin wan was abundant. Take it all in all, he led a dog's life, an' I bet ye he's happyer now where he is, wathrin' th' geeranyums, mowin' th' lawn, an' sneakin' into Constantinople iv a Saturday night an' seein' Circassyan girls dancin' f'r th' first time in his life. His childher are all grown up an' safe in jail, he has four hundhred an' eighty-nine less wives, but iliven are a good manny in th' suburbs; he has put away a few piasthres f'r a rainy day, out-iv-dure life may improve his health, an' I shudden't wondher if ye'd read some day in th' pa-aper: 'At th' Stambool county fair th' first prize f'r Poland Chiny hens was won be A. Hamid, th' pop'lar ex-sultan.'

"Ye can't tell annything about it. Give th' poor man a chance, says I. There may be th' makins iv a dacint citizen in him afther all. What opporchunity has he had, tell me? What can ye expict fr'm a man that

niver was taught annything betther thin that he cud do annything he wanted to do without bein' called down f'r it? It doesn't make anny diff'rence whether 'tis a polisman or th' Rajah iv Beloochistan, be gorry, put a club in his hand an' tell him that he can use it an' he'll begin usin' it tomorrah. He'll break wan head tomorrah, two th' next day, an' befure he's been on th' foorce or th' throne a year it'll be a whack on th' chimbly befure he says 'How ar-re ye.' By an' by he'll get so manny people afraid iv him that he'll be in danger and that'll make him afraid iv thim, an' thin he'll be more dangerous thin iver, d'ye mind? Th' on'y man ye need to be afraid iv is th' man that's afraid iv ye. An' that's what makes a tyrant. He's scared to death. If I'd thought about it whin I r-read iv me frind murdherin' people I'd've known they'd find him thremblin' in a room an' shootin' at th' hired girl whin she come in with his porridge. So I'm glad afther all that I didn't put in me application. I want

no man to fear me. I'd hate to be more of a coward thin I am."

"What ar-re these Turkish athrocities I've been r-readin' about?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "I don't keep thim. Have a cigar?"

VACATIONS

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I raaly don't know whether I'm glad or sorry to get back. It seems a little sthrange to be here again in the turmoil iv life in a large city, but thin, again, 'tis pleasant to see th' familyar faces wanst more. Has annything happened since I wint away on me vacation? Did ye miss me? Am I much sunburnt?"

"What ar-re ye talkin' about?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I see ye on'y last night."

"Ye did not," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye may have seen me undherstudy, but ye didn't see me. Where was I? It depinds on what time iv night it was. If it was eight o'clock, I was croosin' in Pierpont Morgan's yacht off th' coast iv Labrador. We were both iv us settin' up on th' front stoop iv th' boat. I had just won thirty millyon

dollars fr'm him throwin' dice, an' he remarked to me 'I bet it's hot in Chicago.' But about eight thirty, th' wind, which had been blowin' acrost th' brick-yard, changed into th' northeast an' I moved back to Newpoort."

"Ar-re ye crazy fr'm th' heat?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Divvle th' bit," said Mr. Dooley, "but long ago I made up me mind not to be th' slave iv me vacation. I don't take a vacation whin a vacation comes around an' knocks at th' dure an' dhrags me out to a summer resort. If I did I'd wait a long time. I take it whiniver I feel like it. Whiniver I have a moment to spare, whin ye're talkin' or business is slack fr'm anny other reason, I throw a comb an' brush into a gripsack an' hurry away to th' mountain or th' seashore. While ye think ye're talkin' to me, at that very minyit I may be floatin' on me back in th' Atlantic ocean or climbin' a mountain in Switzerland, yodellin' to mesilf.

"Most iv me frinds take their vacations

long afther they are overdue. That's because they don't know how to take thim. They depind on railroads an' steamers an' what th' boss has to say about it. Long afther th' vacation will do thim no good, about th' fifteenth iv August, they tear off for th' beauties iv nature. Nachrally they can't tear off very far or they wudden't hear th' whistle whin it blew to call thim back. F'r a week or two they spind their avenin's larnin' th' profissyon iv baggageman, atin' off thrunks be day an sleepin' on thim be night. Evenchooly th' time comes f'r thim to lave th' sthrife an' throuble iv th' city that they're used to f'r th' sthrife an' throuble iv th' counthry that they don't know how to handle. They catch th' two two f'r Mudville-be-th'-Cannery, or they are just about to catch it whin they remimber that they left their tickets, money an' little Abigail Ann behind thim, an' they catch th' six forty-five which doesn't stop at Mudville excipt on Choosdahs an' Fridahs in Lent, an' thin on'y on signal.

"Fin'lly they're off. Th' dust an' worry iv th' city with its sprinkled pavements an' its glowin' theaytres is left behind. Th' cool counthry air blows into th' car laden with th' rich perfume iv dainty food with which th' fireman is plyin' his ir'n horse. Th' thrain stops occasion'lly. In fact ye might bether say that occasion'lly it don't stop. A thrain that is goin' to anny iv th' penal colonies where most men spind their vacations will stop at more places thin a boy on an errand. Whiniver it sees a human habitation it will pause an' exchange a few wurruds iv pleasant greetin'. It will stop at annything. It wud stop at nawthin'.

"In this way ye get a good idee iv th' jography iv ye'er native land. Ye make a ten minyit stay at bustlin' little villages that ye didn't know were on th' map, an' ain't on anny map that ye buy. Th' on'y place th' thrain don't stop is at Mudville-be-th'-Cannery. Ye look into th' folder an' see ye'er town marked 'see note b.' Note b says: 'Thrains two to sixteen stop at

Mudville on'y whin wrecked.' 'What is th' number iv this here cannon-ball express?' says ye to th' conductor man. 'Number twelve,' says he. 'How am I goin' to get off there?' says ye. 'How do ye usually get off a movin' thrain?' says he. 'Forward or backward?' says he. 'If ye'll go ahead to th' postal car an' get into a mail bag th' clerk may hang ye on th' hook as we pass. He's a good shot. He made three out iv tin last week,' he says.

"But in due time ye reach ye'er destynation an' onpack ye'er thrunks an' come home again. A frind iv mine, a prom'nent railroad officyal who calls th' thrains at th' Union deepo, tells me he's cured his wife iv wantin' to go on a vacation. Whiniver he sees her readin' advertisements iv th' summer resorts he knows that th' fit is coming on, an' befure she gets to th' stage iv buyin' a cure f'r freckles he takes her down to th' deepo an' shows her th' people goin' on their vacations an' comin' back. Thin he gives her a boat ride in th' park, takes her to th' theaytre,

an' th' next mornin' she wakes up with hardly anny sign iv her indisposition.

"But th' kind iv vacation I take does ye some good. It is well within me means. In fact it sildom costs me annything but now an' thin th' thrade iv a customer that I give a bottle iv pop to whin he ast f'r a gin sour, not knowin' that at th' minyit I was whilin' me time away in th' Greek islands or climbin' Mount Vesoovyous. I don't have to carry anny baggage. I don't pay anny railroad fares. I'm not bothered be mosquitoes or rain. In fact, it's on rainy days that I thravel most. I'm away most iv th' time. I suppose me business suffers. But what care I?

"In th' autumn I am pretty apt to be shootin' in th' Rocky Mountains. In th' winter I am li'ble to go to Florida or to th' West Indies or to Monty Carlo. I'm th' on'y American citizen that iver beat Monty Carlo. I plugged away at number siventeen an' it came up eighty-two times runnin'. 'Tis thrue I squandhered th' money on th' fickle Coun-

tess de Brie, but aisy came aisy go. Me disappointment was soon f'rgotten among th' gayeties iv Algeers. I often go up th' Nile because it's handy to th' Ar-rchey Road. I can get back befure bedtime. In summer I may go to Newpoort, although it ain't th' place it was whin I first wint there. It was simple thin. People laughed at Clarence Von Steenevant because he wore a hat encrusted in dimons instead iv th' rough-an'-ready goold bonnet that ye grabbed fr'm th' rubbish iv old pearl necklaces an' marredge certyficates on th' hall table whin ye wint out to play tennis. It has changed since. But there are still a few riprisintatives iv th' older memberships iv th' stock exchange who cannot lave th' familyar scenes, an' I like to dhrop in on these pathricyans an' gossip iv days that ar-re no more. Faith, there's hardly a place that I don't spind me summers. If I don't like a place I can move. I sail me yacht into sthrange harbors. I take me private car wheriver I want to go. I hunt an' I fish. Last year I wint to Canada an' fished

f'r salmon. I made a gr-reat catch—near thirty cans. An' whin I'm tired I can go to bed. An' it is a bed, not a rough sketch iv a brick-yard.

"Well, well, what places I have seen. An' I always see thim at their best. Th' on'y way to see anny place at its best is niver to go there. No place can be thruly injyeable whin ye have to take ye'ersilf along an' pay rent f'r him whin ye get there. An' wan iv th' gr-reat comforts iv my kind iv a vacation is that I always knows what's goin' on at home. Whin Hogan goes on his kind iv vacation th' newspa-aper he gets was printed just afther th' third inning iv th' baseball game th' day befure yisterdah. Th' result is that whin Hogan comes home he don't know what's happened. He doesn't know who's been murdhered or whether Chicago or Pittsburg is at th' head iv th' league.

An' summer is th' best time iv th' year f'r news. Th' heat an' sthrong dhrink brings out pleasant peculyarities in people.

They do things that make readin' matther. They show signs iv janus. Ivrything in th' pa-aper inthrests me. Here's th' inside news iv a cillybrated murdher thrile blossomin' out in th' heat. Here's a cillybrated lawyer goin' to th' cillybrated murdherer an' demandin' an increase in th' honoraryum iv his cillybrated collague. Lawyers don't take money. What they get f'r their public sarvices in deludin' a jury is th' same as an offerin' in a church. Ye don't give it thim openly. Ye sind thim a bunch iv sweet peas with the money in it. This here larned counsel got wan honoraryum. But whin things begun to took tough f'r his protegee he suggested another honoraryum. Honoraryum is fr'm th' Latin wurruds honor an' aryum, mainin' I need th' money.

"Yes, sir, ye can't injye a vacation without th' pa-apers. How glad I am to know that Congress has adjourned afther rejoocin' th' tariff to a level where th' poorest are within its reach. An' how cud I be happy away fr'm here if I didn't know how me frind

Willum Taft was gettin' on at goluf. Iv coorse I'm inthrested in all that goes on at th' summer capitol. I am glad to know that Charles played tennis fr'm ten to iliven an' aftherward took a throlley car ride to Lynn, where he bought a pair iv shoes an' a piece iv blueberry pie, but at two o'clock had entirely recovered. But th' rale inthrest is in th' prisidint's goluf. Me fav'rite journal prints exthries about it. 'Specyal exthry; six thirty. Horrible rumor. Prisidint Taft repoorted stymied.' He's th' best goluf player we've iver had as prisidint. He cud give Abra'm Lincoln a shtroke a stick. He bate th' champeen iv the' wurruld last week be a scoore iv wan hundhred an' eighty-two to siventy-six. He did so.

"Here's a column about yisterdah's game. 'A large crowd assimbled to see th' match. Prisidint appeared ca'm an' collected. He wore his club unyform, gray pants, black leather belt, an' blue shirt. His opponent, th' sicrety iv war, was visibly narvous.

Th' prisident was first off th' tee with an excellent three while his opponent was almost hopelessly bunkered in a camera. But he made a gallant recovery with a vaccuum cleaner an' was aven with th' prisidint in four. Th' prisidint was slightly to th' left in th' long grass on his fifth, but, nawthin' daunted, he took a hoe an' was well out in siven. Both players were in th' first bunker in eight, th' sicrety iv war havin' flubbed his sixth an' bein' punished f'r overdarin' on th' siventh. Th' prisidint was first out iv th' bunker at a quarther past two, his opponent followin' at exactly three sixteen. Th' prisidint was within hailin' distance iv home on his sixteenth shot, while his opponent had played eighteen. But th' pace had been too swift an' it was merely a question iv which wud be th' first to crack. That misfortune fell to th' lot iv th' sicrety iv war. Findin' himsilf in a bad lie, he undhertook to use a brassy in a spirit iv nawthin' venture nawthin' gain. It was raaly a brillyant shot. A foot nearer th' ball an' he

might have accomplished a feat in golufing histhry. But th' luck iv war was against him an' he sthruck himsilf upon th' ankle. Th' prisidint, resolvin' to give him no mercy, took his dhriver an' made a sterling carry to within thirty yards iv th' green. There was now nawthin' to it. Continuin' to play with great dash, but always prudently, he had a sure putt iv not more thin forty feet to bate th' records f'r prisidints f'r this hole, a record that was established be th' prisident iv th' Women's Christyan Timp'rance Union in nineteen hundhred an' three. His opponent cried 'I give it to ye,' an' th' prisidint was down in a brillyant twinty two. His opponent was obliged to contint himsilf with a more modest but still sound an' meritoryous thirty-eight (estimated).

"An' there ye ar-re. I'm ivrywhere, but I can always keep in touch with what's goin' on."

"What kind iv a game is goluf?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "Why do they call it rile an' ancient?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley, "onless it is because th' prisidint iv th' United States has just took it up."

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Mr. Dooley says